

JAZZ • AEROBATIC ACES • WORLD'S BIGGEST POW WOW

\$2.50

OKLAHOMA TODAY

MAY-JUNE '87





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TODAY

MAY-JUNE '87

Henry Bellmon



Governor

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No. 3



COVERS

JAZZ - AEROMATIC ACES - WORLD'S BIGGEST POW WOW

OKLAHOMA
TODAY

Saxophonist McCraven Morris of the Bottom Line Transaction, Bianca's Jazz Club, Oklahoma City. Photo by Steve Sisney. **Inside front.** Grand Lake in early June. Photo by Jim Argo. **Back.** Cooling off in Woods County. Photo by Jim Argo.

FEATURES

DESTINATION:
FORT SILL

8

From an isolated frontier outpost to the largest field artillery school in the

world, Fort Sill has preserved its history while squarely facing the modern world.

GRIT, GUTS
& THE RIGHT STUFF

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These guys ride broncs, rope calves and work cattle for a paycheck. And once a year during the Oklahoma Cattlemen's Association Range Roundup, teams of honest-to-goodness cowboys from 12 Oklahoma ranches compete in wild cow milking, cattle doctoring and other genuine cowboy chores.

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Here's a glimpse of what you'll see at the biggest pow wow the world has seen.



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28

Did you choose a partner and take a turn on the dance floor to celebrate the birth of jazz, an American-made sound that can only be defined as

completely original and ever-changing? Were you there when Charlie Christian, Jimmy Rushing and now-forgotten others hung Oklahoma's star on the musical map, when jazz swung on "Deep Second" Street in Oklahoma City and Tulsa's Greenwood Street? Ruby's Grill, the Ritz Ballroom and the Blue Devils are gone now, but the history stayed with us and jazz still swings.

FESTIVAL OF THE SUN

36

During one three-day weekend in Bartlesville, more than 100,000 people pause to celebrate spring and summer, the seasons of the sun.

A ROCK & ROLL
HIGHWAY TO A PLACE
CALLED HEAVEN

40

You might call them crazy—a lot of people do. But for the Okie Twisters, a small band of accomplished acrobatic pilots, there's no better place in the world than spinning and rolling 3,000 feet above it.

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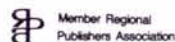
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TODAY IN OKLAHOMA

Last fall, a random sample of 1,500 subscribers was selected to participate in a reader survey. We wanted to find out what story topics you like best, the regular features you enjoy most, what you like to do outdoors, and get better acquainted with our readers.

The response was great. An extra bonus was the fascinating and enthusiastic comments many added to the questionnaire. One wrote, "My husband is a school teacher and teaches Oklahoma history. He uses this magazine as a teaching tool and the kids love it!" Another commented, "I just started taking the magazine, but I plan to keep each issue, and I would like to use them as a guide for visiting places in Oklahoma."

What else did we learn about our subscribers?

*22.1% share their copies with four or more persons. Several display *Oklahoma TODAY* in reception areas.

*51.5% attended an event or visited a place after reading about it in *Oklahoma TODAY*.

*72% went to college and 36.4% have more than four years of college. Most enjoy the outdoors.

*62.4% garden; 49.9% picnic, and 40% birdwatch, hike or fish.

Many of you visited historical sites, museums, art festivals and concerts last year.

What would you like to read about in future issues of *Oklahoma TODAY*?

*88.2% prefer stories on history.

*82.9% like nature and wildlife stories.

*81.9% want suggestions for week-end trips.

*75% want more stories on outdoor recreation, places to visit and rural life.

Your favorite features are the Photography Portfolio and Uncommon Common Folk.

A few asked where our printer is located. To clear this up—*Oklahoma TODAY* has always been printed in Oklahoma, currently at PennWell Printing Co., Tulsa.

Several expressed concern about changing *Oklahoma TODAY*. One wrote, "This is a fine magazine. Do not try to fix it."

And after this lengthy study, that's just what we plan to do—not fix it. You'll continue to see beautiful scenic photography and stories on history, travel, nature, outdoor recreation and the arts. Thanks for helping us stay on track.

☞ Some of the country's finest Native American artists grew up in Oklahoma, and this summer many will be returning home to show and sell at Red Earth '87, a national pow wow

Next Issue: Bob Tway. Lindy Miller. David and Danny Edwards. Doug Tewell. Scott Verplank. The roster of stars from Oklahoma State University's golf program reads like an Associated Press Top 10 poll. Meet the players and coaches who've made OSU the most formidable force in college golf. Then put a rod and reel in your hands and head for Lake Texoma, one of the best places around for matching wits with the elusive striped bass. All this and more in the July-August issue of *Oklahoma TODAY*.

hosted by Oklahoma's 67 tribes. Not only paintings but the finest in baskets, pottery, rugs and jewelry will be displayed.

Judges for the art—all Native Americans—include Allan Houser, a world-renowned sculptor originally from Apache who now lives in Santa Fe; Dick West, a sculptor and painter who formerly headed the Bacone College art program and now of Tijeras, New Mexico; and U.S. Rep. Ben Nighthorse Campbell of Colorado, who designs jewelry.

The marketing and exhibiting of American Indian art has grown dramatically in recent years.

This movement began about 60 years ago with the Kiowa Five—James Auchiah, Spencer Asah, Jack Hokeah, Monroe Tsatoke and Stephen Mopope. Professor Oscar B. Jacobsen invited these young Kiowa artists from Anadarko to work in the School of Art at the University of Oklahoma in 1927. Later that year he organized an exhibit of their paintings which was widely acclaimed throughout the United States.

Feathers will be flying as dancers also compete at Red Earth '87. Not only feathers but beautiful beadwork, buckskin, patchwork and other exotic clothing will be worn. And there will be stickball and lacrosse games to watch, frybread and grape dumplings to eat. Our Portfolio, beginning on page 23, shows some of the sights to see.

☞ Actually, this issue suggests all kinds of activities for you. You can explore one of the Army's largest museums at Fort Sill; celebrate the 100th birthday of Jim Thorpe, the world's greatest athlete, and watch real working cowboys compete at the Range Roundup. And at night you can dance to the wild and crazy cadence of jazz music.

And if this isn't enough, turn to our statewide Entertainment Calendar for other ideas. How could you possibly stay home?

—Sue Carter

BOOKS

Landmarks of the West, by Kent Ruth; University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0520; \$17.50 pb. Either in a car with a road map in hand or at home with a little imagination, readers can take a 21-state tour of some of the most important historic landmarks west of the Mississippi River.

In Oklahoma, the author covers such sites as five forts built to either protect or control Indian inhabitants and Park Hill, a Cherokee settlement known for its advancements in education and publishing.

Each of the 146 entries offers a mini-history lesson, as well as historic and modern photographs or illustrations.

Originally published in 1963 as *Great Day in the West*, this updated edition provides basic information about 18th and 19th century adventurers and the places they built that prepared the way for millions of people who would follow.

LETTERS

The decision was made on a typical stormy February evening in Chicago as we huddled in the family room, fantasizing about being someplace else. I'd lived all my life within four blocks of the Lake Street "L". A year away from Chicago for school was too long—anxiously I returned to the excitement of the Loop. And while some of the '60s high school classes were expanding their limits by heading for Berkeley and any place but Chicago, I wallowed in the dim, surrealistic life of Old Town.

Years later, my husband, jobless for the first time ever due to a corporate acquisition, sat leafing through a busi-

ness magazine, coming across a beautiful full-color ad promoting "Lifestyle Tulsa," featuring a billowing spinnakered sailboat gliding across rich blue water under a full sun. Tearing out the sheet, he flew it across the room with the famous last words, "I'll go anywhere there's water."

Five days later, Chamber of Commerce material in hand, trip preparations were made for a scouting trip to Oklahoma. The results of that trip produced ownership of another home and the realization upon our return to Chicago that neither of us had jobs. Weeks of suspense followed, but gradually all the pieces of the puzzle slipped into place.

On July 18, the moving van pulled out of our respectable Glen Ellyn driveway, headed for a rural route 625 miles away, down another two miles of washboard pavement which appears to lead absolutely no place based on its wayward appearance. It was without one last glance that I left Chicago.

While others of my generation earned their wings through youthful misadventures or bypassed their rites of passage by going directly into familiar, pre-set relationships, I feel as though a second chance has come my way. Every day brings new adventures, feelings and excitement that are surpassed only by seeing, for the first time in my life, incredible open blue skies, intriguing weather formations, fiery-fingered sunsets over an eight-acre pond (called a lake by our Chicago friends), pure air and the element called "space," which I used to think of in terms of celestial directions only.

Since my job involves driving to various rural areas, I've become familiar with driving over rutted roads with directions like "Take a right at the smoke shop" and discovering every other vehicle in rural Oklahoma is a pickup truck. And barbecued ribs are taken seriously, not just once a year at Royko's Rib Fest.

Driving into Tulsa, recently selected as one of the nation's 16 most desirable cities, 30 miles away allows time

for relaxed reflection while driving the speed limit the entire way through thick stands of forest.

Chicago, I'll always love you, but your lights and attractions don't bind me as raptly as they once did. Driving to Tulsa for a Richard Harris performance of *Camelot*, we realized the difference when we self-parked for \$2 directly across the street from a glittering performing arts center.

We've broken from the cookie cutter mold of suburbia. The sophistication of city living has created an appreciation of our new, quiet beauty. We've urged our former friends to pull back from the frenzy of getting ahead to put into perspective once again the nature of their ultimate goal and their method of pursuit.

May your journey be as rewarding as ours.

Kathleen Renowden
Claremore

Enjoyed your January-February '87 issue very much, especially Glenn Shirley's article on Oklahoma peace officers ("When the Outlaw Rode in Oklahoma").

One glaring mistake, however, is on pages 18-19 where you identify a rifle as a 1978 Colt 12-gauge shotgun. Because of the overlay of pages, it's hard to tell, but I would guess it is a Winchester rifle, model 1875 or later.

Gene Waters
Tulsa

Editor's Note: A firearms expert at *Mashburn Arms and Sporting Goods* in Oklahoma City identified the rifle as an 1893 Marlin, which resembles a Winchester. We regret the error.

Oklahoma TODAY welcomes letters from our readers. The letters must be signed, and we reserve the right to edit/or condense them. Send your comments to: Letters, Oklahoma TODAY, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, OK 73152.

Wager

By Kathryn Jensen White

"I like to take something and make something out of it. That's the way I've always been. I like to do something with things," says Wager Gilbert. True to his philosophy, he's spent his life, or the first 83 years of it, trying to make something out of everyone and everything with which he's come into contact. As teacher, farmer and now collector and restorer of relics from the past, Wager has made boys into men, seed and livestock into a living and the discards of a culture into three-dimensional history.

His most recent role, that of preserver of historical implements, began about 20 years ago. He recalls, "Wrenches was my first collection. I was always picking up old stuff, but it was a tub full of wrenches what made me a damn fool about it. That was in 1966 or so. I saw two in there I wanted." From that tub full has grown an astounding collection: walls and buckets of wrenches of all sorts from those used to fix Model A's to multi-use tractor tools. Wrenches and more wrenches, but that's not all.

"I started the plows about the same time," Wager continues, his voice firm as his eyes soften looking backward in time. "One of the first was a left-handed plow I bought south of May. I wanted it because I had never seen one before. Most turn the dirt to the right. This one turns it to the left so you won't have a dead furrow." As with the wrenches, Wager's collection of plows grew like Topsy.

His "foot burners," an apt common name for the walking plows he's gathered up, are Wager's passion. Even though he actually used one and



CAROLYN B. LEONARD

knows through hard experience why the common name is an apt one, Wager just loves those darn plows. "I've got them all on a trailer," he explains, "and I take 'em to parades to show 'em off. The one I'm proudest of is from 1872; that's when my dad was born. That's the oldest plow I've got that has the date on it. I've got an 1880 and a 1915, and some I just don't have a date on."

Wager's plow trailer is as colorful a character as he is. As he's replaced the missing wooden handles on his plows with sturdy new ones, he's painted them bright blue, red and green and put them on display atop a 16-foot trailer. When he rolls into town for a parade wagging his plows behind his pickup, Wager strings on a few streamers of plastic flags in the same bright, primary colors to snap and wave at those who've come in for the big event. In Guthrie, Thomas, Alva, Beaver and, of course, his home town of Buffalo, Wager has delighted onlookers with his collection. After the parade passes by, they flock to where Wager

has parked to look more closely and either remember when they or their daddies used such and such a plow or to shake their heads in gratitude that riding plows was common before they took up farming.

Gazing proudly at his plow trailer, Wager says, "I got 32 on there, bolted down stout. That's 32 different kinds. The sod plow broke up this country; that's what settled it. Three of mine are sod plows; the rest are walkin' plows with different names, different shapes, different kinds of steel. I got plows from Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Texas and Oklahoma. I drew the trailer on a board and this ol' kid in town made it for me. I've got three layers, with one at the top like a showcase. I've got one more out there to put on, but I won't take any off. The ones I've got around the house are duplicates. I've got about 65 or 70 all together. Anymore, though, if a plow ain't different, I won't bid on it." The ones "around the house" to which Wager refers are a sizeable herd of grazing plows that decorate his front and side yard. No problem telling which house in town belongs to Wager, no sir.

Although Wager is always on the scout for treasures to add to his collections, he doesn't make quite as many sales as he used to. He's usually too busy with one of his more recent passions: stripping, repairing and refinishing old chairs. He's found that a box filled with the wood ashes he saves from the wood burning stove that heats his large museum of a workshop is an effective stripper away of old varnish and stain. He rubs the ashes all over the chairs with his strong, large hands

then leaves them to "stew" in the ashes. The natural lye removes the old finish nicely.

At the sales Wager does make, however, his sharp eyes and keen appreciation of the tools with which men and women tamed the West and keep the world going keep him poking and prying around in bushel baskets and tin buckets full of what looks like mere metal junk to most of us. With the advent of old tools and implements as wall decorations in "rustic" restaurants, his treasures are getting a bit more expensive and harder to find. Plows are particularly difficult to come by these days because, as Wager says, "Most people want one to put their mail boxes on. They don't care if it's a John Deere or a P.&O."

"The days of buckets of wrenches are gone with Atlanta. Yes, they've gone with the wind. I paid 16 dollars for that little ol' wrench there. An old boy really wanted it," Wager says and pauses for effect. "But I wanted it, too." His loud and hearty laugh fills the room as he continues. "That's the most I've ever paid for a wrench."

Wager's story about the most he's ever paid for a plow has to be edited because, he explains with yet another booming laugh, if we tell what he gave for it, "they'll all go to that price." He recalls that, "I found a complete plow down in Idabel. I'd passed it up the year before because I knew what he wanted for it. I sent my boy in the next time we were there and he started out askin' about the old man's pocket knives. He run my boy out sayin' he didn't want to sell any pocket knives. So I had to go back in and ask him what the price was. He said what he wanted, which was the same as the last year. But I couldn't wait to get back down there and get it once I saw it the year before."

Usually Wager's bargaining ability and charm allow him to get the plows for much less than he paid for his top of the financial line model. Most, in fact, cost him only two or three dollars. Of course, he has to clean them up,

replace the handles, usually fashion a new wooden beam and find an appropriate metal clevis. In effect, Wager usually buys just the metal blade of the plow.

In addition to his wrenches and plows, Wager has an amazing mass of other goodies packed into his home and workshop and stored in a barn and on land he owns outside of town. He's got about 28 different kinds of fire tongs used by blacksmiths; a variety of bolt headers, an implement used to hammer hot steel into shape as a bolt; wagon rods; spring seats; four row listers; discs; you name it. Collectors often come to Wager when they need a special part to reconstruct an old implement of some kind. He says, "I'll give it to 'em 'cause I don't pay much for 'em."

This generosity with things is more than matched by Wager's generosity of spirit, of self. His kindness radiates out from him like the warmth that comes from the wood burning stove that provides the ashes for his varnish removal. As he talks about his days of teaching vocational agriculture, which he did from 1929 to 1945, it's clear the kindness runs in a deep vein through this man. "One time," he remembers, "I whipped two students when they kept a-raisin' sand. Miller and Long was kidding around and I told 'em that if they didn't cut it out I was going to board their butts. They didn't, so I had to do it. I took 'em out behind the building where I had a half-inch halter. I reached up there and got that and they grabbed their ankles and I hit 'em a lick. Tears come in their eyes. I saw right then that was the wrong thing to do. I never did board another kid. You destroy that good feeling in a human is what you do. Good talkin' works better." That after 50 years Wager still remembers the names of the owners of the boarded butts indicates how strongly the incident affected him.

Actually, all Wager's memories are strong. He talks in specific detail about leaving his \$1,800 a year teaching job after 16 years and taking up farming

because, "I got tired of running errands for other people." In 1947 he moved to Buffalo, where he farmed for himself for ten years. He then spent two years as farm foreman for a large Kerr-McGee farming operation. In 1959 he decided agribusiness wasn't for him and went back to being his own boss on his own place. He says with simple but deep wisdom, "I didn't get rid of my machinery; I kept a tail hold. I found out changin' around like I did that you got to keep a tail hold." Until 1975, when he was 72, Wager farmed.

Before tackling students and Mother Nature, though, Wager attended Oklahoma State University, then called Oklahoma A&M, for six years. He spent three of those years wrasslin' his welter weight peers. Under the coaching of Ed Gallagher, who he says was like a second father to him, Wager stepped into the rope ring, took down those he could and, I'm sure, shook hands with those he couldn't. "The whole thing about it," he recollects, "was that ol' Grover Gaines down at Watonga saw that I was stout and told me I ought to go to OSU and to Gallagher 'cause I could wrassle. I took animal husbandry until my last year, 1929, when W.L. Blizzard told me I ought to get over and get a little Vo-Ag Education, which I did. When I graduated and went to work, there was about 40 of us in the state teaching Vo-Ag."

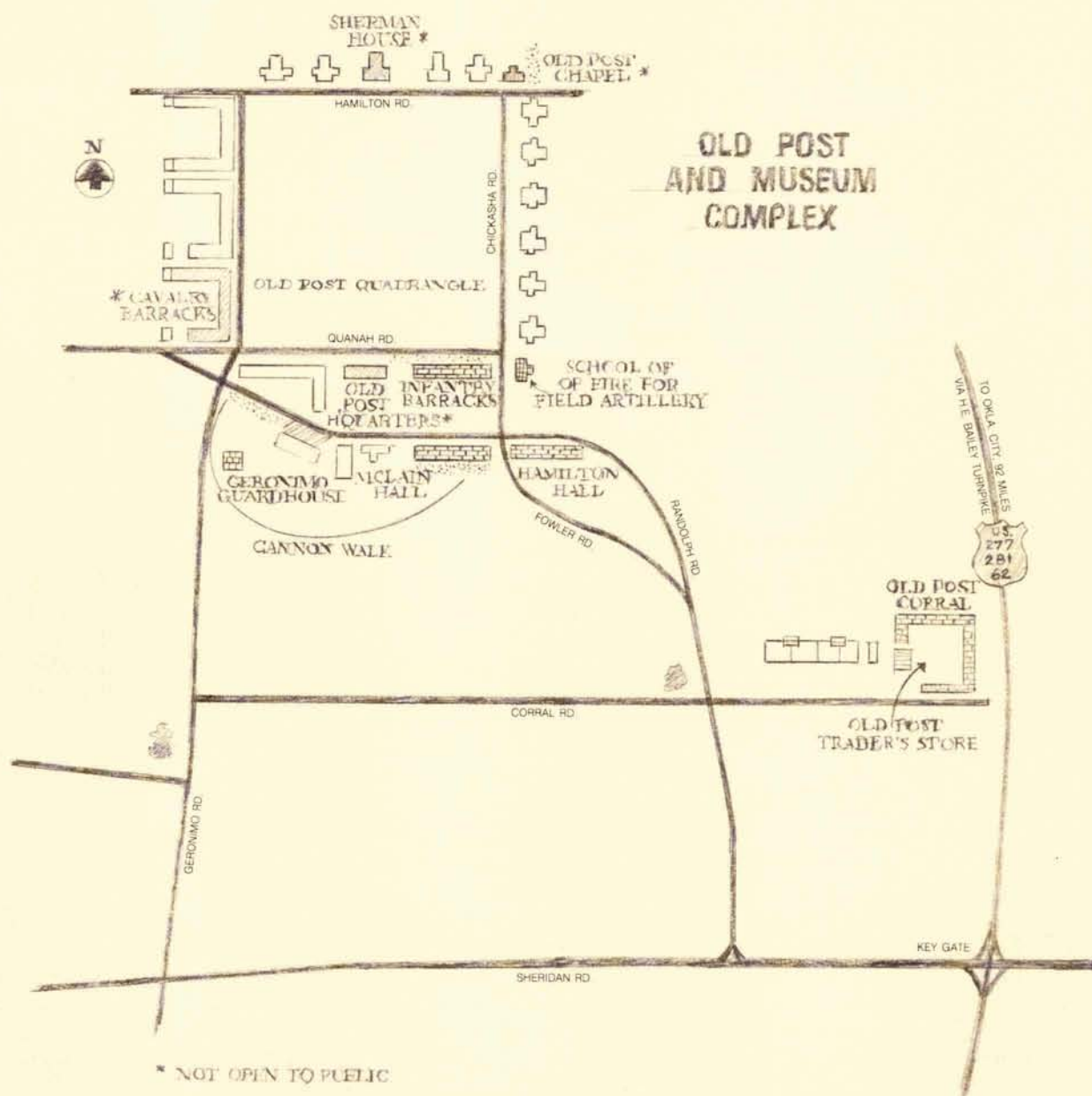
Student. Wrestler. Teacher. Farmer. Restorer. Wager *has* spent his whole life making something out of things. Out of himself, his students, his land and his heritage. In a more pensive moment, he says, "The time will come when these things won't be much interest to anybody. They'll be fossils, probably." Then he brightens. "I hope what I'm doin' keeps that from happening." You can bet on it, Wager. 

Have a nominee for "Uncommon Common Folk"? Write to Kathryn c/o Oklahoma TODAY, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, OK 73152.

DESTINATION: FORT SILL

By Jane Beckman

Photographs by Fred W. Marvel





FORT SILL'S HALF-SECTION PULLS AN ORIGINAL WORLD WAR I CANNON ONCE USED BY AMERICANS AND FRENCH. A FULL-SECTION WOULD HAVE ANOTHER SIX-HORSE TEAM PULLING A CAISSON LOADED WITH AMMUNITION. THE LAST HORSE-DRAWN CANNONS WERE REPLACED IN 1942.



Inside Fort Sill, the frontier past sits quietly in the shade of the shimmering cottonwoods, finding a niche in the old buildings of rough quarried native limestone. The fort, established to pacify the hostile Southern Plains Indians, is tucked into a corner of the world's largest field artillery center sprawling across the southern edge of the rugged Wichita Mountains near Lawton.

A short drive up Randolph Road from Key Gate puts visitors at the Old Post Quadrangle. Around this old parade grounds stand the wood-shingled native stone buildings of the original fort, established in 1869. These low, unadorned structures testify to the limited building materials and harsh life at the isolated cavalry outpost.

The buildings of the original fort were constructed by black soldiers, who in previous civilian life were unskilled laborers and field hands. The best tribute to their labors is that more than a century later most of the original buildings are still in use.

The rectangular building centered

on the quad's south side is the Old Post Headquarters, which now houses Fort Sill Museum offices. The twin building to the east was the early post's Infantry Barracks. Today, it is the Visitors Center and Multimedia Theater, the best place to begin a tour of Fort Sill. The newest exhibit in the center shows life of the Apache prisoners of war confined to Fort Sill from 1894 until 1913.

Along the west side of the quad, the former Cavalry Barracks quartered blue-clad troops. Today, the building houses the 9,000 volumes and 30,000 photographs of the museum library and photo archives available to researchers.

The nine residences lining the north and east sides of the quad still house Fort Sill's officers as they did when the post was eight days journey by wagon from the nearest railroad. Sherman House, with a brass cannon flanking the walk, stands in the center of the north side and looks directly across the quad to the old headquarters. Sherman House is the residence for Fort Sill's

commanding officer, just as it was in 1870 when Maj. Gen. Benjamin Grierson, Fort Sill's first commandant, moved in.

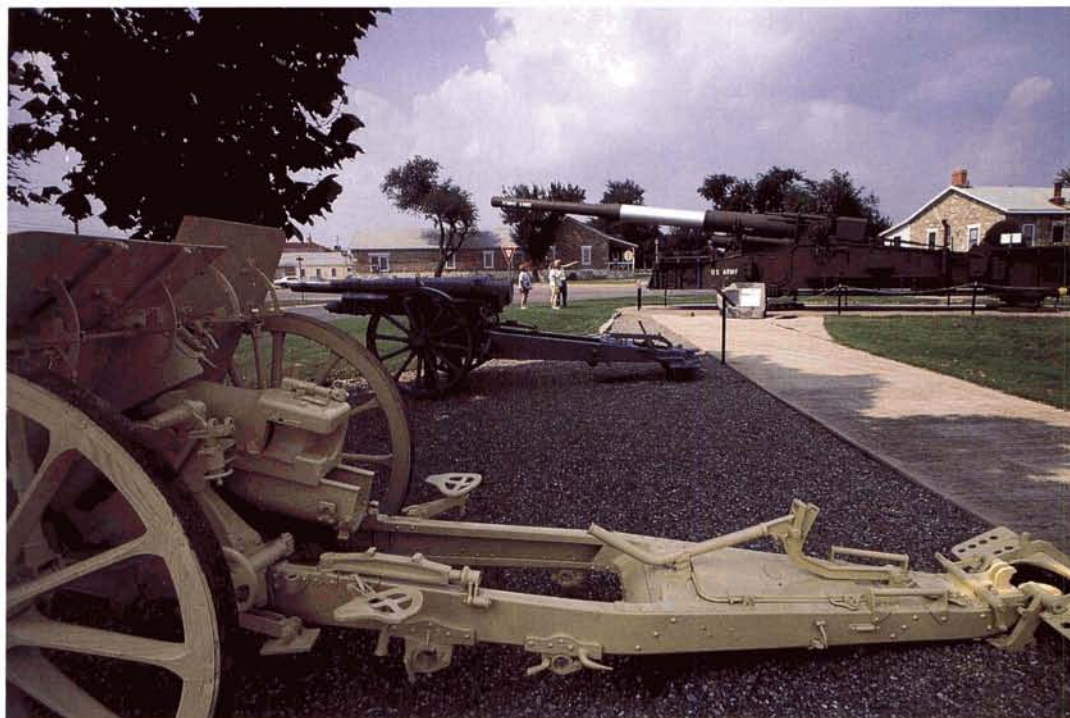
But unlike most officers' wives who had to struggle to set up a household in a distant frontier outpost, Grierson's wife Anna was a woman of independent means who sent along five servants to put the house in order before she and the children arrived.

The residences have been enlarged and modernized since those early days. Today, the neat walks and the evergreen, oak and hackberry trees give the Old Post area the atmosphere of a quiet, well-kept park, an appearance far different from those photographs taken in the 1870s showing officers' residences with the boundary between the yard and prairie expanse defined by a picket fence to keep cattle out.

At the northeast corner of the quad stands the Old Post Chapel. Worship services are held Sunday mornings as they have been since the little chapel's completion in 1875.

The stockade structure of the Old

ALONG CANNON WALK, VISITORS CAN SEE 60 DIFFERENT KINDS OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CANNONS FROM EVERY WAR THE UNITED STATES HAS FOUGHT, BEGINNING WITH THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.



Post Corral, located southeast of the quad area, is sometimes mistaken for the original fort. A raid by crafty Kiowa who carried off every horse on post prompted the stone corral's construction in 1870. The corral's chief function was to protect the fort's horses and mules, but the buttressed walls cut at intervals with loopholes made the corral a refuge in a major Indian attack.

The corral's principal historic significance, however, is its association with the end of Indian warfare on the South Plains. The winter of 1874-75, the final campaign against the Indians, is known as Horse Corral Winter when group after group of Plains Indians surrendered their mounts and weapons. Years of fighting for their land came to an end in this little structure built to protect the Army's livestock.

But on a May afternoon when the sun glitters off the graveled courtyard inside the rough walls, there are no defeated braves with their ponies. Fort Sill's visitors can see the replica of the Old Post Trader's Store. There is a reconstructed blacksmith's shop, a saddler's shop. Around the north and east walls the carriage museum houses phaetons, Army wagons, farm equip-

ment and even a silver-trimmed black hearse. The museum's gift shop is located in the south wall of the corral.

As the Army captured the hostile chiefs, they were imprisoned in a new facility, a guardhouse constructed west of the quad area in 1873. Today, it's called the Geronimo Guardhouse after its most famous occupant. Satanta, Big Tree and others on the roster of the Southern Plains fiercest chiefs occupied the cells.

The Geronimo Guardhouse is probably the most popular of Fort Sill Museum's 26 buildings. Inside, exhibits commemorate the Buffalo Soldiers, the Indian Scouts, the Apache Prisoners of Fort Sill. The largest cell has artifacts from the Comanche Chief Quanah Parker's "Star House."

On a warm day when many visitors crowd the basement hallway to peer into the vacant whitewashed cells, the dank atmosphere suggests the prisoners left only yesterday. The infamous Apache Geronimo did spend time incarcerated in a cell there but only to sober up after periodic bouts of drinking. Other times he was free to move about the fort and lived with his wife and children in one of the Apache pris-

oner of war villages.

Families in southwest Oklahoma used to make a Sunday afternoon visit to Fort Sill to catch a glimpse of the celebrity warrior. Geronimo was illiterate, but the soldiers taught him to write his name. For a quarter, they said, he would give his autograph.

Geronimo is buried at Fort Sill, along with Kicking Bear, Satanta and Stumbling Bear, and their graves lie a couple of miles up Quinette Road from the Old Post area.

Once the Indian hostilities were suppressed, the chief reason for Fort Sill's existence ceased, and the Army planned to turn the land over to the Indians. Instead, The School of Fire for Field Artillery was established in 1911, and Fort Sill took its first step toward becoming the premier center for field artillery in the free world.

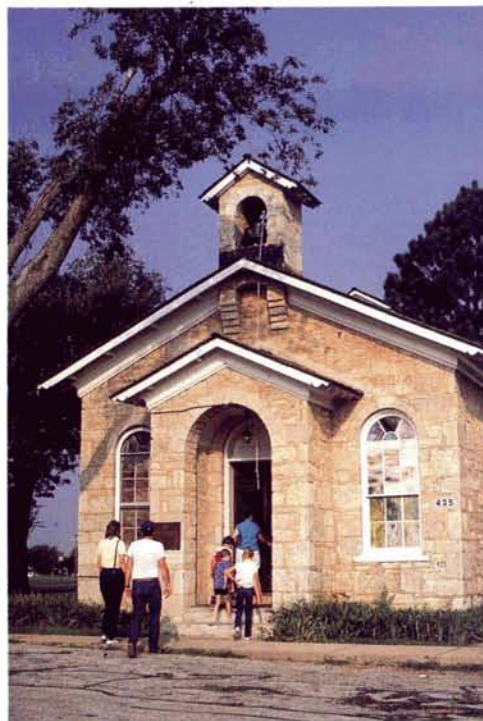
Visitors can tour the restored first headquarters for the later-renamed U.S. Army Field Artillery School. The small steel-gray frame building sits at the southeast corner of the quad—a humble beginning for a training operation that today occupies hundreds of buildings and turns out 25,000 artillerymen yearly.



SOLDIERS
PERFORM A
RETREAT
CEREMONY
(LEFT) EACH
WORKING DAY
AT 5 P.M.



SERVICES HAVE
BEEN HELD IN
THE OLD POST
CHAPEL (RIGHT)
CONTINUOUSLY
SINCE IT WAS
BUILT IN 1875. IN
ITS EARLY DAYS,
THE CHAPEL WAS
ALSO USED AS A
SCHOOL.



After the end of the Civil War, artillery fell into a decline. Most of the Army activity from that time until World War I was fighting the Indians, and artillery proved ineffective against the Indians' guerrilla tactics. Two buildings in Fort Sill's museum complex trace the history of artillery weapons, uniforms and battle from the Revolutionary War through the conflict in Vietnam.

Hamilton Hall, built in the yellowed-gray limestone of the original post buildings, was the Old Post's Quartermaster Store. Beneath the dark stained exposed beams and roof planks are exhibits that trace artillery from our country's first battles to the 1890s. Next door, McLain Hall was formerly the Commissary Storehouse. Exhibits here begin with the Spanish-American War and conclude with Vietnam.

Fort Sill's museums exist to educate the public about the original frontier fort and the field artillery, but its first obligation is preserving the history for military personnel. New trainees at post, with haircuts that measure their length of time in the military in millimeters, not inches, tour the museum's exhibits. Young men in camouflage fa-

tigues file past the glass display cases with the jeans-clad, camera-toting civilian visitors.

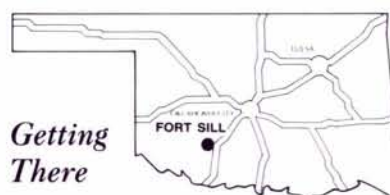
After the somber atmosphere of the museum, the bright sunlight is welcome. Cannon Walk curves down toward the Geronimo Guardhouse area, taking the visitor on an outdoor tour of U.S. and foreign field artillery weapons from the Revolutionary War to the Vietnam War.

On the way from the main museum complex to more field artillery exhibits in Snow Hall, visitors can make a quick stop in the Post Cemetery. Here on the Chief's Knoll is the granite obelisk that marks the grave of the Comanche Chief Quanah Parker. The grave of Cynthia Ann Parker, the white captive who was Quanah's mother, is also here in the shade of the cedars.

Original Fort Sill is rough limestone and wood shingles. The Field Artillery School is cream stucco and ripe persimmon tile in the Italianate style. The most impressive example of this more modern architecture is McNair Hall, the current post headquarters located about a block west of Old Post. The arched windows and reliefs are best

seen when a sunset's pinks and amethysts reflect from its facade.

Fort Sill now spreads its office buildings, military housing, neat golf courses and firing ranges across 94,000 acres—147 square miles. Close cooperation between Fort Sill and the adjacent city of Lawton mean that on



Getting There

Fort Sill's annual Memorial Day celebration begins at 9 a.m. May 25 at the Post Cemetery when members of the local VFW join post officials in recognizing U.S. veterans by placing a wreath at Chief's Knoll monument.

At 11:30 a.m., the Official Post Memorial Day Ceremony at McNair Hall will include an honor guard gun salute and music by Fort Sill's 77th Army Band.

To get to Fort Sill, follow signs on I-44 to Key Gate, where a guard will give directions to event areas.

For more information contact Fort Sill's Public Affairs Office at (405) 351-2521.

Saturday mornings in good weather 4,000 area youngsters play soccer on the post's polo grounds.

While, with some imagination, Fort Sill seems to reverberate with the rifle fire and Indian whoops of the frontier past, the low rumble and window rattling a visitor hears is probably coming from Fort Sill's firing ranges.

In the 1980s, the primary business of Fort Sill is personnel training and weapon development of field artillery—Fort Sill handles all the Army's training of the Pershing II missile system.

Sometimes lucky visitors are on the post when the Artillery Half-Section performs. Eight men in World War I

uniforms and eight horses travel around the nation to recreate the era of horse-drawn artillery. The dark brown horses with black manes are housed in paddocks just west of the Old Post Corral, and even if the soldiers Grant, Riley, Sill, Houston, Ike, Jackson, Truman or McNair aren't on parade, their equine namesakes can be found at the stables.

On parade days, the horses are brushed and strapped into the artillery harness that pulls the French 75 mm gun. The soldiers who care for and perform with the horses wear the high-collared olive-drab wool World War I army uniforms. The jodhpur trousers flare beneath the hip length tunic,

shiny brass buttons down the shoulder epaulets and brown leather chin straps choke the hats in place.

There have been two Fort Sills. First, the frontier fort and, later, the free world's field artillery training center. Fort Sill's Half-Section lays a colorful bridge between the past and present Army missions. And when the Half-Section's sturdy horses and ramrod straight soldiers ride down the street, once more those caissons go rolling along. D

Jane Beckman is a writer who lives in Walters, and Fred W. Marvel is the staff photographer for the Department of Tourism and Recreation.

Sentry of the Past

Towana Spivey says his undergraduate work in history and graduate work in archaeology have made him an "historical archaeologist." A recognized authority on the history and restoration of Oklahoma's frontier forts, Spivey has served as curator of the Fort Sill Museum since 1982.

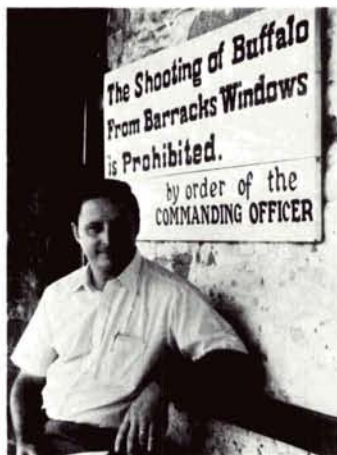
During a portion of his tenure he doubled as director. He carried responsibilities for readying exhibits in the museum's 26 buildings for certification by the Center for Military History in Washington.

Broad duties have given Spivey a definite idea of the museum's responsibilities to Fort Sill's military personnel, their dependents and the public. "The museum's dual role is reflected in its two branches: Early Fort Sill and Field Artillery. We have a mission to preserve and interpret the history of the old post, including the Plains Indian Wars and the early cavalry and military activity. We also have a mission to interpret the history of U.S. Field Artillery from its beginning to the present."

Spivey says not only is Fort Sill important to Oklahoma history as its only frontier fort still an active military post, but Fort Sill is also a designated National Historic Landmark.

History has always played a major part in Spivey's life. Though he is a member of the Chickasaw tribe, his first name, chosen by his father, is actually a Skokomish word meaning "river people." The name was prophetic. Spivey, born in Madill, says he spent his youth running up and down the Washita and Red rivers.

His career choice was a logical outcome of his youth. "I've been interested in history and Indians and natural history all my life. My father was very good about an oral tradition of history and



TOWANA SPIVEY

instilling an interest in the frontier. Every night at supper was a long, drawn-out session. As a kid I was a collector of fossils, arrowheads, all sorts of natural history things. This led into archaeology."

Early in his career Spivey found himself working in what he calls Tin Can Archaeology—archaeology snubbed by some of the purists because it was not involved with the prehistoric artifacts. "I found myself in this unique position working with historic military buildings and log cabins."

Spivey worked as curator for the Oklahoma Historical Society and as archaeologist with the Oklahoma Archaeological Survey at Oklahoma University. He was involved with restoration of Fort Washita and Fort Towson in southeast

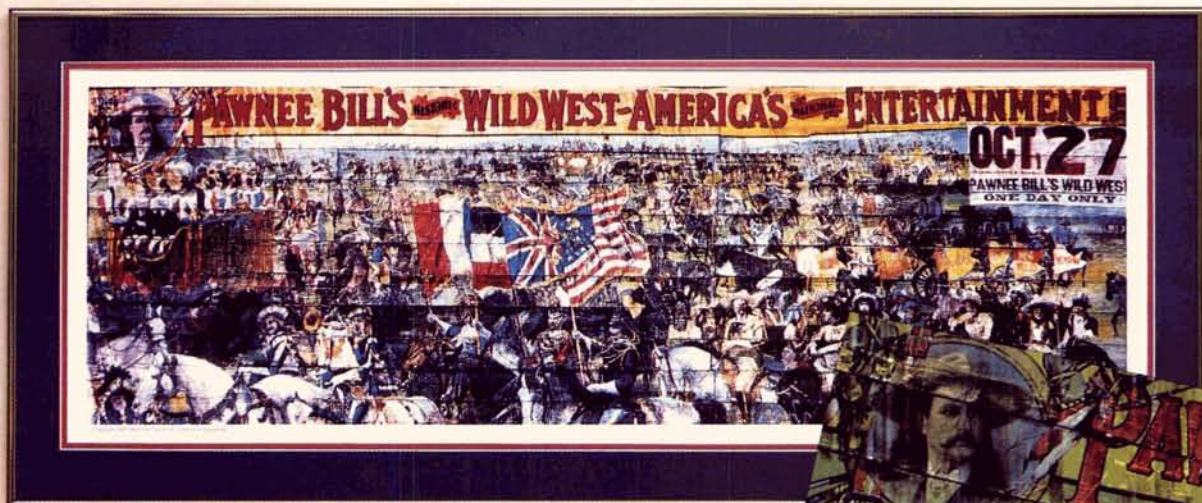
Oklahoma. He taught museum studies. For eight years before he came to the Fort Sill Museum he served as chief curator at the Museum of the Great Plains in Lawton.

Some of Spivey's most recent work at the Fort Sill Museum deals with the Apache prisoners of war confined there from 1894 until 1913. He feels the reservation period is an important one on which too little research has been done. "It was a period full of turmoil, adaptation and change. Indians at this time were trying to deal with one another in new perspectives and trying to deal with the U.S. government in new ways," he says. The new exhibits are housed in the Guardhouse and the new Visitors Center.

Spivey is optimistic about the future of the museum, which is one of the largest Army museums in the nation. "We've been faced with a lot of uphill problems and a tremendous backload of work. But in the not too distant future you will be seeing and hearing a lot more from Fort Sill's museum." — Jane Beckman

Limited Edition Print

WILD WEST SHOW



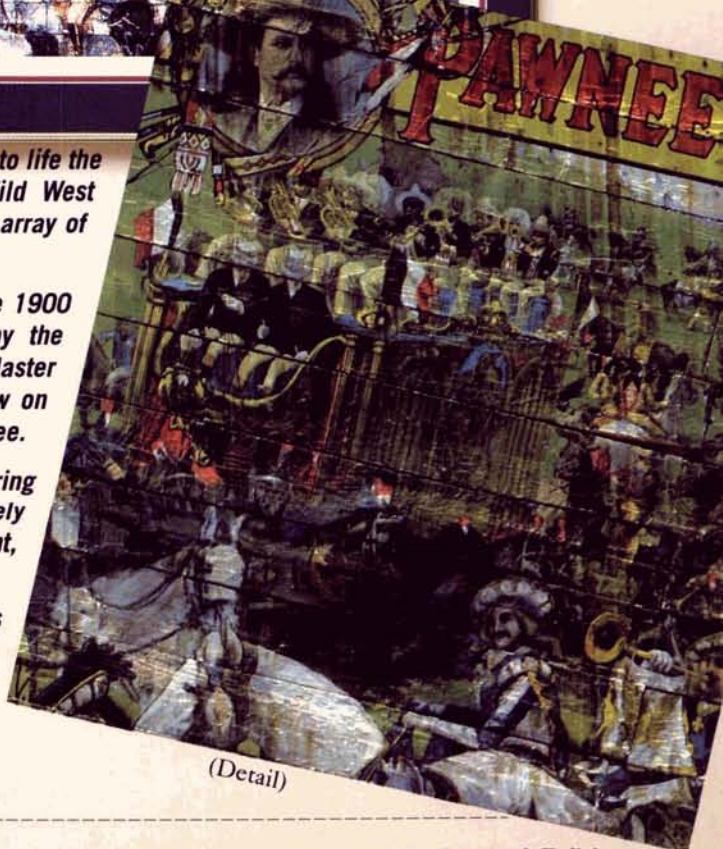
Our spectacular print, the first in a series of three, brings to life the color and excitement of the famous Pawnee Bill Wild West Circus. It features a portrait of Pawnee Bill and depicts an array of the attractions that made up his extravagant show.

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Jim Thorpe

By Kenny A. Franks

In causing my lease
Have you made any
actions toward it.
This ought to be looked
into for it may
cause me loss of money
my chances on going abroad
this summer is very
bright with the Olympic
team. Please send money
at once.
Very truly,
James Thorpe



Thorpe regularly asked for money (upper left) held by the Sac and Fox Agency from leasing his allotment in Oklahoma. In this letter dated March 18, 1912, he looks forward to his chances in the upcoming Olympics and asks for \$100 to buy a new suit. Thorpe's track and football accomplishments (center and right) have never been equaled.

Just after sunrise on May 28, 1887, in a one-room log cabin near where Pointer Creek flows into the North Canadian River in present-day Pottawatomie County, a young Indian woman gave birth to twin sons. Afterward, the young mother gazed out the cabin and, seeing a pathway shimmering in the sunlight, gave one of the children the Indian name of Wa-tho-huck, or Bright Path, better known as James Francis Thorpe—who became one of the world's greatest athletes.

The son of Hiram, a member of the Sac and Fox Thunderbird Clan, and Charlotte Thorpe, a Potawatomi and Kickapoo Indian, the youngster grew up on the family farm near Bellemont, southwest of Prague. From the time he was 6 until he was 17, Thorpe attended schools in Oklahoma and Kansas.

In 1904, Thorpe was admitted to the United States Indian Industrial School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. There, he attended formal classes half a day and worked at his chosen profession, tailoring, the other half.

Thorpe was indistinguishable

from the other Carlisle students until the evening of April 28, 1907, when he stopped to watch members of the school's team practice the high jump. When Thorpe, who was wearing tennis shoes and overalls, asked if he could try, one of the members placed the bar at the school's record as a joke. Astonished, he watched Thorpe clear the bar with ease. Learning what had happened, Carlisle's legendary coach, Glen S. "Pop" Warner, offered Thorpe a spot on the team, where he immediately became an outstanding competitor.

Then, much to Warner's chagrin, Thorpe asked to try out for the school's football squad. Although Warner discouraged the move, Thorpe persisted. Adopting another tactic, Warner outfitted his star trackman in an old, tattered uniform, placed him at one end of the field and told him to run to the other goal past 60 varsity players waiting to make the tackle. After Thorpe made the dash twice without being brought down, Warner added him to the squad.

The following year, 1908, Thorpe began his climb to gridiron greatness. In one game, he ran for five touchdowns and passed for another during the first half. At the end of the season, Carlisle was 8-2-1 and Thorpe was named a Third Team All-American.

When not playing football, Thorpe continued his domination of the track and field circuit, winning medals in the high hurdles, low hurdles, high jump, broad jump, shot-put, 100-yard dash, hammer throw, discus and javelin.

After the 1909 school session, Thorpe accompanied two fellow students to Rocky Mount, North Carolina, where he spent the summer playing professional baseball in the East Carolina Association for \$15 a week. Thorpe dropped out of school until 1911, when he reentered Carlisle and "Pop" Warner's football squad.

In the following two seasons, Thorpe's gridiron performance became legendary. In 1911 and 1912, Thorpe scored 30 touchdowns and 12 field goals as the Carlisle Indians

outscored their opponents 802 to 163 while compiling a 23-2-1 record. His 1912 scoring mark of 198 points has never been exceeded by a major college player.

In recognition of his abilities, he was named a First Team All-American both years. However, his abilities on the football field were but a preparation for his greatest achievement—the 1912 Olympics.

Held in Stockholm, Olympiad VI was the largest athletic competition up to that time, and Thorpe entered both the pentathlon and decathlon competitions—15 strenuous events during four days of competition spread over 10 days. On Sunday, July 7, Thorpe astonished the crowd by winning the broad jump, the 200-meter dash, the discus throw and the 1,500-meter run and finished third in the javelin throw to compile three times the final score as his nearest competitor in the pentathlon.

Six days later, Thorpe entered the decathlon competition. On the first day, he won the 16-pound shot put and placed third in the 100-meter dash and broad jump. The following day he won the high jump and the 110-meter hurdles and finished fourth in the 400-meter dash. On the final day of competition, Thorpe won the 1,500-meter run, finished third in the discus throw and the pole vault and fourth in the javelin to score a record number of points. His double victories have never been equaled.

After the Games, Thorpe returned to a hero's welcome and the final season as a star on Carlisle's football team. However, the fame was short-lived. Soon after the close of the football season, a sportswriter broke the story of Thorpe's professional baseball days. When Thorpe admitted the story, the Amateur Athletic Union and the American Olympic Committee stripped him of his amateur standing and his Olympic victories. Without fanfare, Thorpe returned the medals.

Turning to professional sports, Thorpe signed a baseball contract with the New York Giants in 1913. That same year, he married Iva

Miller, and they eventually had four children—Jim Jr., Gail, Charlotte and Grace.

Thorpe stayed with the Giants until 1915 and then switched to the Cincinnati Reds for a season before returning to the Giants for the following three years. He played for the Boston Braves in 1919 and then was relegated to the minor leagues until he quit baseball in 1928.

A versatile athlete, Thorpe also played professional football during the fall and winter. In 1915, he signed with the Canton Bulldogs in Ohio for a salary of \$250 per game and four years later captained the team to a world championship. That same year, 1919, he was elected the first president of the American Professional Football Association, the forerunner of the National Football League.

In June 1922, Thorpe joined his longtime friend Walter Lingo to organize the Oorang Indians—the smallest NFL franchise ever—in LaRue, Ohio. Thorpe remained as a coach and player with the Indians until 1923, when he signed with the Rock Island Independents.

In 1925, Thorpe married a second time, and he and his wife, Freeda Kirkpatrick, had four sons—Carl, William, Richard and John. That same year he was traded back to the New York Giants and then spent the next four years with four different teams before retiring from professional sports in 1929.

After his athletic career ended, Thorpe worked as a common laborer, painter, movie actor, lecturer and sports promoter. Although his health began to fail after he left sports, Thorpe served with the Merchant Marines in the Pacific during World War II.

After the war and marriage to Patricia Askew, another important event occurred in his life—his true athletic talents were finally recognized. In 1950, the Associated Press named him the greatest football player and the greatest male athlete of the first half of the 20th century.

But the Oklahoma-born athlete had just two years to enjoy his celebrity. On March 28, 1953, Thorpe

suffered a heart attack and died. After his death, Thorpe became the center of controversy as he was buried first in Shawnee and then Tulsa before finding a final resting place in 1954 in Mauch Chunk, renamed Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania.

With his passing, Thorpe's honors continued to grow. In 1963, he was elected to the Professional Football Hall of Fame. A decade later, the AAU restored his amateur status and recognized his track and field achievements, and in 1977 he was named the Greatest Football Player in American history by *Sport* magazine. However, it was not until 1982 that Thorpe's amateur status was restored by the International Olympic Committee, and replicas of his gold medals were returned to his family in January 1983. The medals are now permanently displayed at the State Capitol in Oklahoma City.

Another honor came in August 1986 when Governor George Nigh announced the annual presentation of the Jim Thorpe Award to the top collegiate defensive football player in the nation.

The latest tribute to the state's greatest athlete will be May 23 in Yale with a celebration of Thorpe's 100th birthday. Thorpe lived in Yale, 40 miles east of Tulsa, from 1917 to 1923, and the only home he ever owned has been turned into a museum. Two of his daughters, Gail and Grace, still live there.

Festivities that day will be a 10-kilometer race, a two-mile run, an arts and crafts show and a pow wow. Proceeds from a dinner that evening in Tulsa will be used toward building a Jim Thorpe Memorial in front of the museum.

Actor Chuck Norris, two-time Olympic decathlon winner Bob Mathias and former Chicago Bears coach George Allen will be in Yale and Tulsa to help Oklahomans remember one of its most famous citizens. ☐

Dr. Kenny A. Franks is the director of education and publication for the Oklahoma Heritage Association and the author of 23 books and more than 40 articles.

GRIT, GUTS and the RIGHT STUFF

By Jim Apel

Photographs by Jim Argo

Cowboys will never die—that is as long as there are little boys who dream of becoming one. The romantic image of independent-minded, weather-skinned drovers pushing herds of longhorns up the dusty Chisholm trail to the railhead in Kansas City persists today even though most little boys haven't seen a real live cow, let alone a cowboy.

Usually that dream of living the rough and tough life on the range dies

out somewhere between kindergarten and the eighth grade, but the longing for that independent lifestyle remains. In Oklahoma, many people have been able to fan the sparks of dreamy desire into the flame of becoming real cowboys.

For more than a century, ranches have covered the state from border to border. The demanding work of ranch life breeds pride in a job well done and competitiveness among those who make their home on the range. To prove who are the better horsemen today, working cowboys from ranches all across Oklahoma ride the trail to the Lazy "E" Arena outside Guthrie once a year for the Oklahoma Cattlemen's Association Annual Range Roundup.

Unlike a professional rodeo that pits professional athlete against professional athlete, the Range Roundup contestants are "strictly ranch hands," says Hump Halsey, longtime trick roper and rancher from Mulhall. "There's no prize money, no entry fee. The ranches are competing for the satisfaction of

knowing they're the best ranch."

Twelve ranches representing all areas of Oklahoma are invited to send their best hands to compete in realistic tests of skills common to working cowboys. The whole concept of the Range Roundup was built on a foundation of practicality and "developed around regular ranch life," says Rusty Martin of the Rafter "R" Ranch near Checotah and Morris.

The roundup includes such exotic or realistic events (depending on your point of view) as wild cow milking, team branding, cattle doctoring, team penning, saddle bronc riding and a wild horse race.

This slate of non-traditional events was selected not only to test the skills of modern cowboys, but to appeal to a larger audience than would be expected at a regular rodeo. A larger audience would mean more money in the pot,



but it wasn't intended for the cowboys themselves.

In Oklahoma's early days, part of ranch life included looking out for your neighbors, and that's what the roundup committee had in mind. "We wanted to help a local charity by raising money," says Ellis Freeny, executive vice president of the Oklahoma Cattlemen's Association. "We were able to give Genesis House \$10,000 that was raised by our Range Roundup last year."

Located in Edmond, Genesis House is a home for battered and abused children. It is funded solely by private donations.

The cowboys this year will donate the proceeds to the Oklahoma Children's Memorial Hospital.

To witness this event that showcases Oklahoma heritage while at the same time allowing for a healthy amount of competition, thousands of spectators, families and friends fill the Lazy "E" Arena. Scores of cowboys and cowgirls dressed in new blue jeans, pressed cotton shirts and wearing contestants' numbers sit astride their mounts lined up on the arena floor. A cheer goes up when the sequin-bedecked rider bearing the American flag appears in the opening pageantry. A hush falls as the crowd rises, doffing hats reverently even before the first notes of the national anthem lilt from the PA system. Then, in one collective voice, old and young alike sing the *Star Spangled Banner*.

It sounds and looks like the beginning of a regular rodeo, the kind many of us have grown accustomed to in Oklahoma towns on the Fourth of

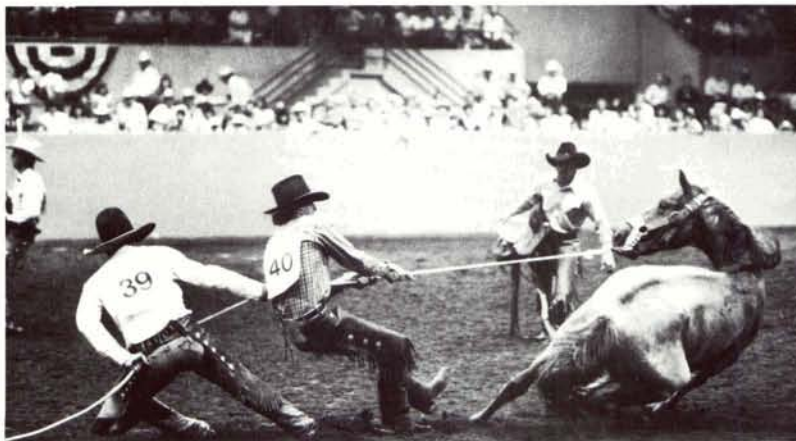
July. A haze of tobacco smoke, the fresh aroma of stirred up soil and the faint but unmistakable smell of fresh manure complete the sensory illusion that a rodeo is about to take place.

A flurry of activity centers near the chutes on the arena floor. Suddenly, a saddle bronc and rider burst from chute number one. The cowboy hangs on for dear life with both hands, his hat pulled low over his eyes. No spurring, no fancy stuff. His ride is short on style but long on grit and sheer determination. The rider sticks with the pony,

Mike Jones of the Chain Ranch, Canton, twirls a rope as he and a few cowboys amble to the arena for the start of the Roundup.



In a seven-photo sequence on the next four pages, Guymon's Hitch Ranch cowboys Scott Nevins (No. 39), Robby Bates (No. 40) and Rick Furnish (No. 38) begin a not-too-promising attempt to saddle and ride an unwilling bronco in the wild horse race. Do they succeed? Follow the sequence and see for yourself.



showing it who's boss. The eight-second buzzer finally sounds and the cowboy thankfully lunges for the nearest hazer and bails off the still-kicking bronco.

Surprisingly, there are no red flags from the judges on the arena floor. Instead of receiving a "no score" for using both hands, the cowboy is awarded a mark in the low 70s that many professional rodeo cowboys would have been happy with. But it appeared that the cowboy had never even seen how saddle bronc riding was done in a professional rodeo event.

In each of the events at the Range Roundup, that's precisely what the judges will be looking for. Despite the fact that they themselves have been professional rodeo cowboys, their scoring is based on how a working cowboy would go about his job.

In the saddle bronc event "you ride him just like you would an unbroke horse," says Martin, a former player in the Canadian Football League, whose size is reminiscent of Hoss Cartwright. It doesn't look like he should have

much trouble breaking horses, but he says it's not as easy as it looks. "When you break a new horse you're gonna hang on with both hands, your legs, your teeth, your feet." Each cowboy uses his own stock saddle. No professional rigging is allowed at the Range Roundup.

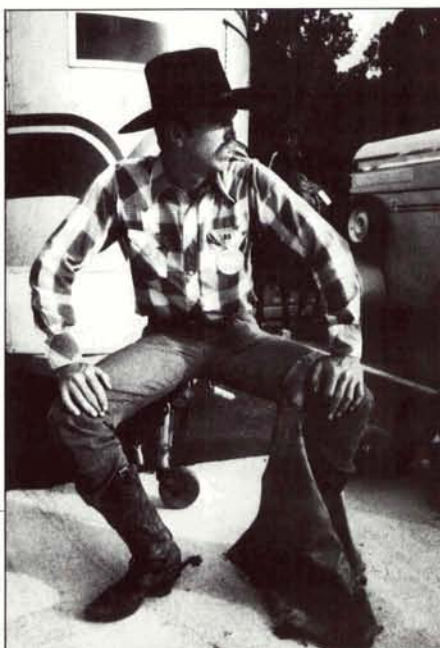
An aura of nostalgia surrounds bronc rider Rick Furnish. With a thick mustache turned down at the corners and a tight-fitting cowboy hat, Furnish looks like he could have just stepped off a dirt street in long-ago Kansas City. "It's pretty much like what we do at

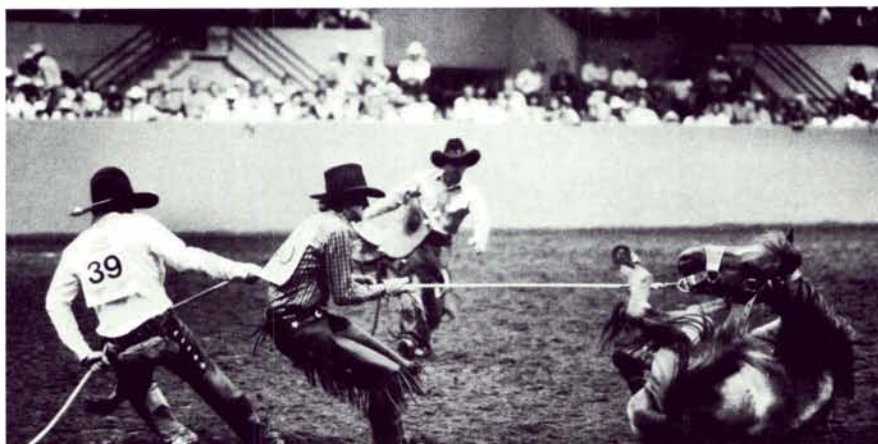
home," says the cowboy, who works on the 30,000-acre Hitch Ranch near Guymon. "We break horses and ride horses all the time."

And just like "at home," some of the cowboys are finding the wild stock just a little too rank, their standard saddle just a little too slippery and the seconds just a little too long. And, unwillingly, they discover that the dirt on the arena floor tastes just like it does in the corral back home when you get bucked off.

Getting bucked off isn't such an unusual occurrence on the range or in the rodeo arena for someone like Furnish. He spent a couple of years on the pro rodeo circuit after studying on a rodeo scholarship at Panhandle State University in Goodwell. In 1975 he was national collegiate saddle bronc

Rex Bugbee, a Chain Ranch cowboy, awaits his turn in the arena.





runner-up. "It's a lot harder to ride them in a stock saddle," he says.

When his turn to ride finally comes, Furnish doesn't find it necessary to hang on quite so tightly to the bronc he drew, and he's even able to put on a little show of some of the poise he learned on the rodeo circuit. He wins the saddle bronc event easily and later is named Top Hand at the 1986 Range Roundup.

Just as cattlemen are important to the continuation of ranch life in Oklahoma, cattlemen too have been an indispensable part of Oklahoma's rich heritage. On many ranches men and women work so closely together that the traditional distinction of gender roles blurs. Many of the teams at the Range Roundup mix men and women team members.

Down in the arena with a mixed team, the Harrel Ranch from Leedey has its turn at the wild cow milking. In this timed event, a team consisting of a mounted roper and a mugger on foot must rope and hold what proves to be an unwilling cow. "That's the hard part," says Darla Harrel. "Then I have to run in there and milk her." The

milker then races the length of the arena back to the judge to prove the job is completed successfully.

Harrel, a graduate of Oklahoma State University with a degree in animal science, has seen her share of rodeos and ranch life and feels the Range Roundup is a good test of everyday skills. Unlike pro rodeo where practice makes perfect, she says, "There's no way we could have practiced for this. I've never even done this before." Like tending cattle on a ranch, "It's more spontaneous. You don't really know what's going to happen out there," she says.



As team after team turns out to attempt the milking event, it proves to be one of the most difficult and humorous of the night. Cows defy being caught by the ropers; muggers have a hard time holding cows still long enough to be milked and milkers have to watch out for kicking hooves. Cowboys who have already competed sit in groups on the arena fence, faces pinched in concentration, occasionally stealing a quick glance at digital wrist watches comparing times. When the dust settles, the Harrel Ranch team is able to hold on and come out on top in the event.

As teams take their turns in the arena for each event, it becomes increasingly obvious that age makes no

Chain Ranch cowboys Wes Sanders (far left) and Brad Hutchinson strap on leather leggings before riding broncs. Preparing to compete means readying equipment—and the mind.





difference when it comes to working on a ranch—only ability counts. Cowboys no older than their late teens work side by side with fathers and grandfathers, some in their 60s.

The same type of kindred spirit that ties generations together also ties cowboys from different ranches together. At times, rather than competing with each other, they find themselves in a larger, more difficult battle—competing with nature. The frustration of working with unpredictable and often uncontrollable livestock seems to overcome sometimes intense inter-ranch rivalries. During events, competitors

watch the action closely, all the while discussing strategy with their own team members and even with those of competing teams. Teams that have finished events come back and tell those still waiting for their turn what kind of problems to expect and how to overcome them.

The intensity of competition keeps the crowd's attention focused on the arena. Hushed tones prevail while each event is in progress. As time limits for the timed events begin to run short, the noise level decreases even more as spectators concentrate intently on horses and riders.

Three minutes are allotted for the team penning event. In the event, each three-member mounted team has to cut three specific numbered calves from a herd of cattle without the horse breaking into a lope. After sorting the calves out they have to move them to a pen on the opposite end of the arena and try to get all three into the pen before time runs out. One of the most ordinary jobs on the ranch becomes a tense and concentrated effort under the watchful eyes of thousands of spectators.

"I kinda like the penning event the best," says Bob Miller from the Miller Ranch near Okmulgee. "It takes a mixture of a pretty good horse and a lot of know-how."

The good horses and know-how of the cowboys from the Daube Cattle Company from Ardmore snared a win for them in the penning contest as they were the only team to pen all three calves in the allotted time.

From intense competition among seasoned horses and riders, the Range Roundup turns to a more visually exciting final event—the wild horse race. "People watch rodeo for the

David Fisher (No. 26) and Rix Fisher, from the Fisher Ranch in Eufaula, team up for the cattle doctoring event.

Two cowboys rope a calf's heels and neck, and, after the animal is still, a third marks chalk on its face, signaling to the judges the job is finished.





thrills and spills," says Halsey. It soon becomes evident there are plenty of those in this event.

A wild horse race is second cousin to saddle bronc riding, but totally uncivilized. Three haltered wild horses with ropes attached are released from chutes at the same time. Each ranch team of three members must hold the horse long enough for a rider to saddle him and ride across the finish line at the end of the arena. The team with the fastest time wins, although there is a seven-minute time limit.

"It's the worst event," Rick Furnish says. "Everybody's afraid of getting hurt."

Unlike the "finesse" events that require skill and coordination between horse and rider, the wild horse race appears to be a contest of brute strength and guts. The crowd starts cheering wildly as riders struggle to saddle and mount their untrusty steeds. Time and again riders and saddles are tossed to the arena floor to be picked up and put on once more. A horse and rider finally make a break toward the finish line. Bucking wildly, the horse is definitely in control; the

cowboy is just along for the ride. Just as they are about to cross the finish line the horse decides to cut back toward the chutes. Not having any reins, the cowboy can do nothing but hold on. Another team's horse and rider head out with the other two team members waving hats and arms hoping to direct them in the proper direction. The crowd continues to cheer wildly until all three horses have crossed the finish line.

A similar noisy scene is repeated once more as three other teams step up to do battle with the wild stock. The Chain Ranch team from Canton turns in the astounding time of 53.31 seconds to win the event.

As the event comes to a close, all the contestants and their horses return to the arena to await the tabulation of scores and the announcement of the top team. Cowboys from some teams already know their performances haven't merited any awards and they sit quietly in their saddles. Other teams, those in contention for the bragging rights as best team of the Range Roundup, fidget nervously, talking with one another and family members standing at the arena fence. The announcement finally comes and the cowboys and cowgirls of the Daube Cattle Company have won the compe-



Rob Hudson, with 2-year-old John and 3-year-old Robbie, are part of an audience of 5,000 watching the Range Roundup. The proceeds from the rodeo are given to a charity.



tition and earned the applause of the crowd.

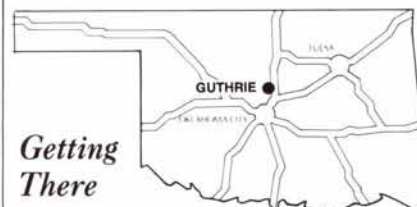
Even as the applause goes up it's easy to see that each ranch hand assembled in the arena knows in his heart that he had a better team and a better way of approaching each of the contests of skills. Until next year though, they'll just have to wait, think, talk and, of course, work cattle.

The Range Roundup is an impressive event for spectators who only dream of ranch life, but the event is not without impact on contestants who live that life themselves. "I was im-

pressed by all the cowboys," Rick Furnish says. "I was sitting on the fence talking to a rancher and I said, 'If you had all these cowboys together in one place you could sure get a lot of work done.' The other guy looks at me says, 'Yeah, you'd either get a lot of work done or you'd get nothing done. These cowboys would all be arguing about the best way to do something.' "

Jim Apel is an Edmond-based freelance writer. Jim Argo is a staff photographer for The Daily Oklahoman.

Dave Miller Jr., from Okmulgee's Miller Ranch, lost his hat but not his seat.



If you've never seen a wild horse race or a wild cow milking, you can attend the Cattlemen's Range Roundup on May 29-30 and eliminate two things from your list of nevers.

Some of the best working cowboys from the state's best-known ranches will compete at the roundup at the Lazy E Arena in Guthrie. Events begin at 8 p.m. both evenings. Tickets are \$12 and \$7, and children under 12 are admitted free to general admission seats.

To get to the Lazy E Arena, exit from I-35 on Seward Road, which is 30 miles north of Oklahoma City. Drive 4½ miles east on Seward to the arena. For ticket information call Kay Atkins at (405) 282-3004, or write Lazy E Arena, Rt. 5, Box 393, Guthrie, OK 73044.

It started in conversation over lunch in Oklahoma City, this cross-continental gathering to celebrate Indian heritage. Yvonne Kauger, a justice for the Oklahoma Supreme Court, and Ken Bonds, a vice president of Liberty National Bank, jointly dreamed a dream. "Oklahoma has 39 tribes recognized by the federal government, more than any other state," says Kauger, an adoptee of the Cheyenne-Arapaho tribe and founder of an Indian art gallery-turned-museum in her hometown of Colony. "We realized when we went to markets in Santa Fe, Taos and Albuquerque that we didn't have a place for our artists." Red Earth '87 began there.

CONTINUED



Indian flutes, (left) wood sculpture, baskets, pottery, rugs and beadwork will be part of the juried show and sale in Myriad Gardens. The 120 North American Indian artists invited to enter must submit at least eight pieces of art. Non-juried artists will offer their work inside the Myriad. The outdoor arts festival will be open daily June 5-7 from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., and the Myriad will be open for the dance competition and exhibits daily from 1 p.m. to midnight. A schedule of events for Red Earth '87 is available at the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce.

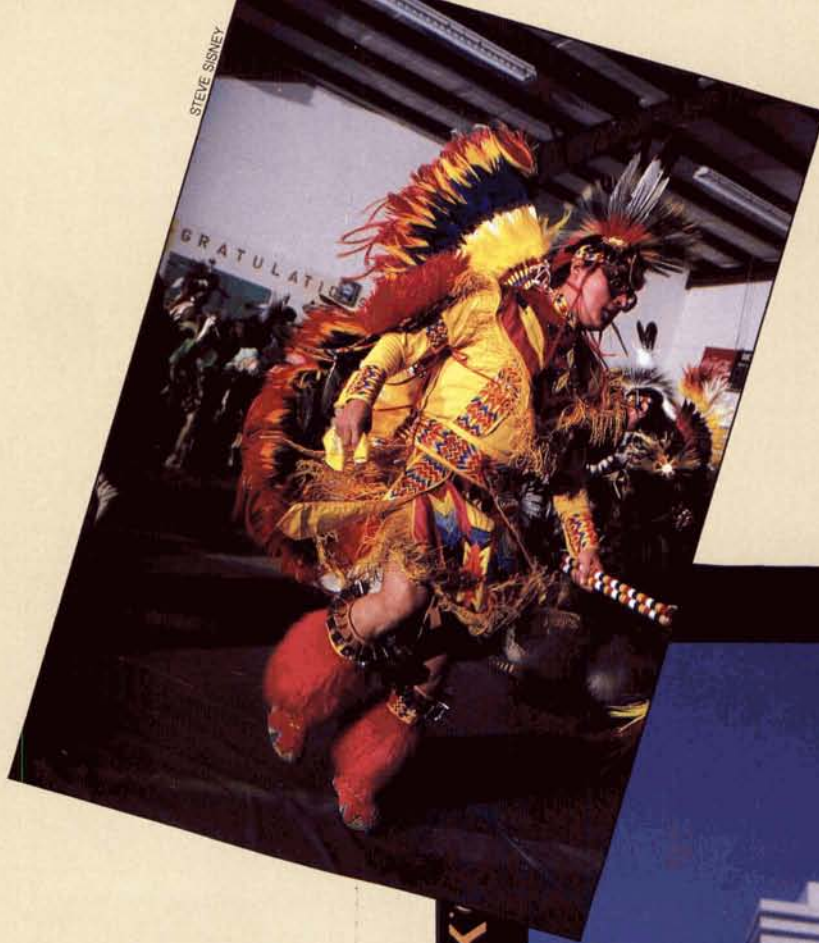
^
"Woman in Blue" (below) is the work of Cherokee artist Troy Anderson, Siloam Springs, Arkansas.



COURTESY ENOCH KELLY HANEY



STEVE SISNEY



COURTESY THE GALLERY WALL SANTA FE



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State Sen. Enoch Kelly Haney promises, "This is going to be the biggest pow wow the world has ever seen." On June 5-7 in the Myriad, nearly 5,000 dancers—men and women invited from every North American Indian tribe—will bring costumes and ancient dances to compete for \$50,000 in prize money. And in an outdoor market in the Myriad Gardens, beneath the skyscape of downtown Oklahoma City, 120 Indian artists from the United States and Canada have been invited to bring their sculpture, paintings, baskets, artifacts, clothing, pottery and jewelry to a juried show and sale.

CONTINUED



STEVE SISNEY

Fancy war dancers (upper left) like Jeffrey Tohay, a Kiowa from Apache, wear two plumed bustles and more cloth and beads than other dancers. They perform exuberant, intricate dances.

Allan Houser, (left) a native Oklahoman and internationally respected sculptor, is a judge for the art show, along with sculptor-painter Dick West and U.S. Rep. Ben Nighthorse Campbell, a jewelry designer.

Entries in the art show (center) reflect contemporary and traditional Indian art, as well as the blend of the two.



Oklahoma Sen. Enoch Kelly Haney, a Creek-Seminole, is the artist of the famous acrylic painting (below) "Hawk Warrior."



COURTESY ENOCH KELLY HANEY

EPN▷3

Red Earth '87 is a three-day cultural festival, as well as a pow wow and art show. Jereldine Red Corn, the event's executive director, says visitors can see stickball and lacrosse games; outdoor entertainment that includes singing, flute playing, dancing and demonstrations of pottery and basket making; a parade with dancers and tribal princesses; and the work of hundreds of Indian artists in a non-juried sale in the Myriad. "It's going to be bigger and better than the National Finals Rodeo," says Yvonne Kauger. And when the drums cease, Red Earth '87 will become Red Earth '88.

Jackie Tsontokoy, (opposite page) is a Kiowa dancer.

Drums and singers (opposite page) are the core of a pow wow. Twenty Canadian and American drum groups will sing at Red Earth.

The baskets, jewelry and other entries in the art show (far right) reflect designs and traditions from more than 80 tribes.

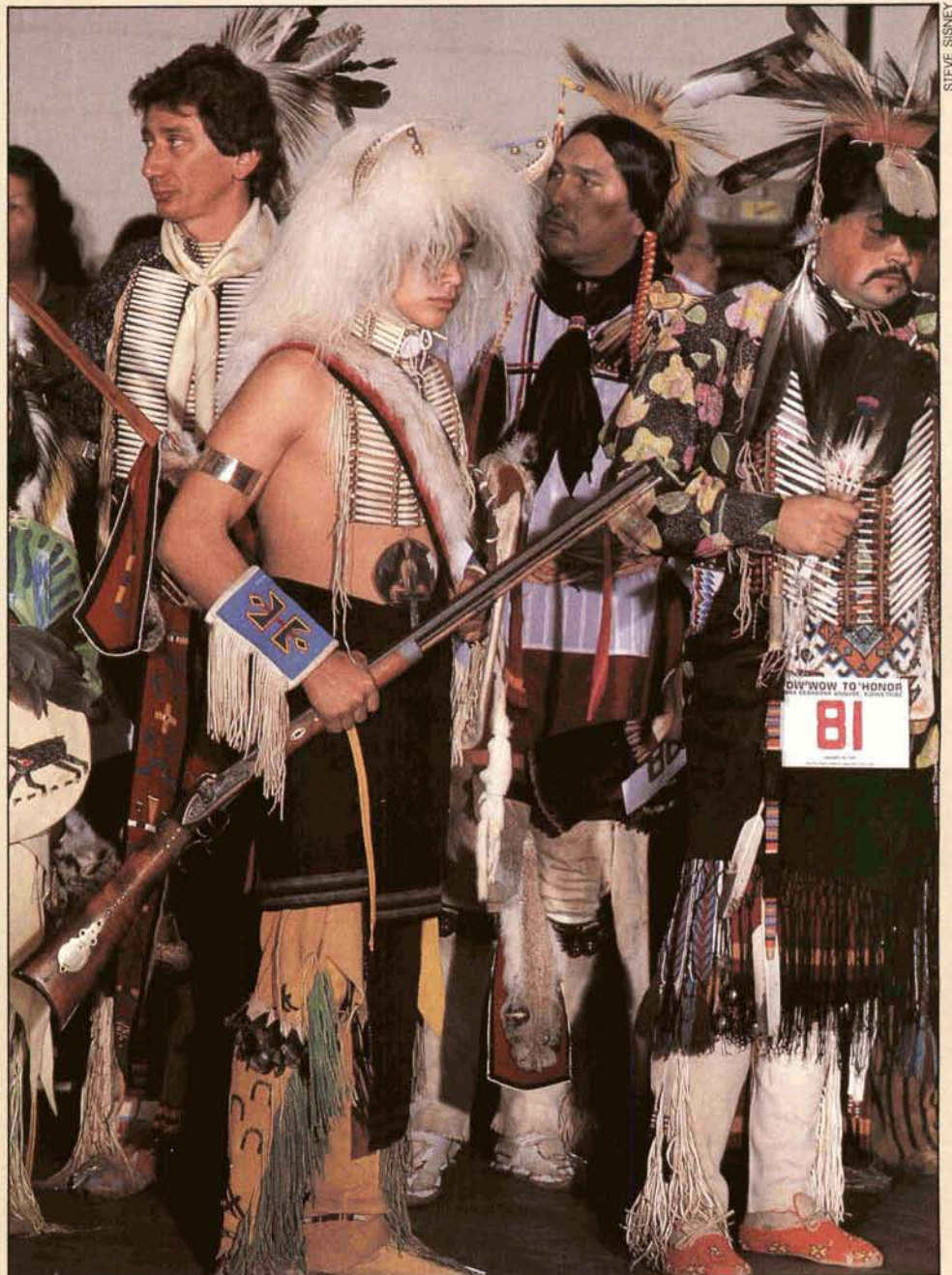
Dancers (right), from left, Bob Morgan, Gabe Morgan, Tom Ware, all of Anadarko, and Bill Comacheza, Lawton, are traditional dancers, except Ware, who competes in the straight dance category. Traditional dances tell stories, while the steps in straight dances are slower, stately and dignified.



"Silent Whispers" (below) is a watercolor by Bert Seabourn, a Cherokee painter who lives in Oklahoma City.

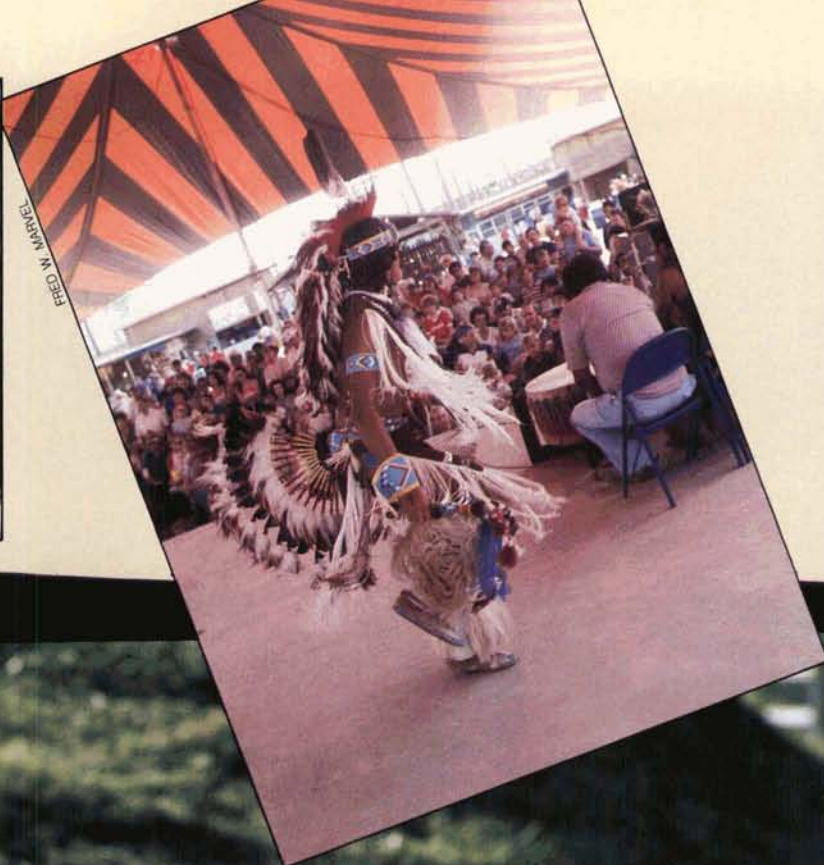


COURTESY BERT SEABOURN



STEVE SISNEY

STEVE SISNEY



FRED W. MARVEL

KODAK EPN 6012



EPN 9



Oklahoma's nightclubs and restaurants reflect the '80s rebirth of jazz. At Norman's River City restaurant, singer-pianist Judy Owens, guitarist Cliff White, bassist Don Stephens and drummer Bob Rogers of the Rhythm Section play four nights a week.

DID YOU DANCE?

By Kathryn Jenson White

SOME CALL IT HOT. SOME CALL IT COOL. One, a modern scholar who had to come up with a Latin name for a new sound he clearly didn't think much of, called it dissonantia absurda, absurd dissonance. Many call it America's most important contribution to the world of music. No matter what you call it, no matter whether you think it's too much "treble" to appreciate or whether you "bass" your musical tastes on it, it's jazz, man, and it swings in Oklahoma with a surprisingly rich history and vital present.

Ask most state residents about Oklahoma and jazz, and they'll greet you with a stare as blank as two whole notes. The few who do attempt an answer probably won't get much beyond vague references to the better-known musical world of singing cowboys and steel guitars. Those who are really tuned in to the sounds of Oklahoma, though, know that while jazz may play second fiddle to western music in the Sooner State, it's an important part of our musical heritage.

Actually, some of the best-known jazz names of yesterday and today were born and raised in Muskogee, Tulsa and Oklahoma City. During the early decades of this century, Oklahoma, centrally located and, thus, a passing through point for many musicians on the road, played host to almost every famous set of lips, hands and vocal chords in jazz. Today, modern jazz enthusiasts in urban Oklahoma can find a healthy sampling of events featuring jazz artists from near and far, clubs and radio shows offering jazz at its finest and

educational programs devoted to training young Oklahomans to carry on the state's proud jazz tradition. The bottom musical line is that Oklahoma is a pretty jazzy state and ought to be darn proud of it.

DEEP SECOND AND GREENWOOD: Oklahoma's Own Bourbon Streets

When Thom Rosenblum began digging around for a topic for the Oklahoma Historical Society's annual Black Heritage Week display for 1984, he had no idea what a rich part of Oklahoma culture he was going to unearth. "I was going through old copies of *The Black Dispatch*," he recalls, "when I noticed this column by Eddie Christian called 'Musical Low Down.' Eddie was Charlie Christian's brother, and Charlie is one of the major names in jazz history; they moved from Texas to Oklahoma City early in their lives. Starting about 1921, the column had references to local bands forming and engagements of nationally famous bands in the City. I was fascinated that this social column went so beyond 'So and so had a party' to talk so much about what was obviously an integral part of the black community—jazz."

Thom's fascination led to the discovery that Oklahoma City, specifically the area around Second Street and, to a lesser degree, Tulsa in the vicinity of Greenwood Street, were locations that served as the hearts of a jazz beat that pulsed strongly through Oklahoma for over two decades, from 1920 to around the beginning of World War II. The pulse grew fainter as the harsh steam whistles of troop transport trains drowned out the harmonious horns of "Take the A Train," but Oklahoma had by then established itself as a source of jazz music and musicians to be reckoned with.

In fact, Oklahoma has been home to enough nationally recognized jazz musicians of the past and present to create a jazz lover's dream band. In addition to the Christian Brothers, we can claim Jay McShann, Walter Page, Hot Lips Page, Don Byas, Jimmy Rushing, Oscar Pettiford, Barney Kessel and Marshall Royal, to list just a few of the marvelous many. Some of the greats and near-greats of the early heyday of jazz in Oklahoma still live in the Sooner State: Clarence Love and Ernie Fields in Tulsa; Juanita and Abe Bolar, Henry Butler and Leon Nelson in Oklahoma City.

The Eddie Christian columns which Thom Rosenblum found are filled with the latest news about who's playing what where, references to nameless

Forty-five years after his death, Charlie Christian is still considered one of the best jazz guitarists who ever lived. His innovations in single string playing on an electric guitar are legendary.



COURTESY GUY LOGSDON COLLECTION



Christian, second from right, organized his own "jump band" at 18. Here, at 20, with his brother Eddie, right, Christian is on his way to Los Angeles to play with Benny Goodman's orchestra.

COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION



Jimmy Rushing's instrument was his voice, and during his life, critics called him the "greatest living male blues singer." Rushing, left, an Oklahoma City native, sang with the Blue Devils in the 1920s and '30s, then with Benny Moten's band in Kansas City and with Count Basie's New York-based orchestra from 1935-50.

COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

players who need to straighten up their onstage and offstage acts, advice to struggling musicians and Eddie's general wisdom. One representative quotation suggests the power of the jazz movement at the time: "You can hear people say, 'I can't see why old John, Dick or Harry doesn't stop playing music; he doesn't ever have any money.' I am telling you all that don't know, you can't stop playing music as easily as you think; that is if you really like it. You can hear musicians say it, but deep down in their souls it's not true. For one reason, he can work all night and leave the job and really mean to go home, but he hears a bunch of Cats riffing, and he stops, and starts riffing with them. So when you hear a Cat say that he can stop playing music, tell him 'That's out!'"

Clearly, jazz was in. In the same year the column quoted above appeared, 1935, Eddie Christian estimated 14 clubs, theatres and amusement parks in Oklahoma City were hiring blacks to play what was predominantly their music. Some of these places were owned by blacks, but most by whites; many allowed black patrons only on certain days. The downbeat of the jazz movement across the nation was that the color mixture of white paper and black notes necessary to make a jazz "chart," professional jargon for sheet music, was not reproduced in the music's audiences.

No matter what the color of the audience, though, Oklahoma City's Ruby's Grill, Ritz Ballroom, Forest Park, Slaughter's Hall and Goody-Good Cafe and Tulsa's Dixieland and Louvre Ballrooms, the latter now known as Cain's, swung almost nightly with the music of the Happy Black Aces, Bucket Coleman and his Pails of Rhythm and T.B. "Turk" and his Gobblers of Rhythm, all local groups. At Hallie Richardson's Shoe Shine Parlor, the brushes and polishing rags rubbed and snapped to the beat of jam sessions that must have produced shoes that glistened as brightly as the brass horns and the notes that flowed from them. And at the S&H Smoke Shop where, as Eddie Christian claimed, "the live ones love to linger," careers were started and ended as booking deals were made and broken.

Although jazz was really a movement of the streets and speakeasies, many Oklahoma City musicians came to the idiom well-schooled in music of another sort. At Douglass High School, music teacher Zelia Breaux was directing the band and teaching vocal and instrumental music to scores of aspiring music makers. Her emphasis on classical music and sound training in the fundamentals made every good boy do fine when he left the classroom and hit the streets.

Among Mrs. Breaux's most celebrated pupils was famous vocalist Jimmy Rushing. After leaving Douglass, he played with the Oklahoma City Blue Devils, a

group that recorded and traveled the country. Among his fellow Devils were the earlier mentioned Christian Brothers. Of all the men of note who helped make Oklahoma cool, Charlie Christian was undoubtedly the one of most importance. Many believe that even though he died at only 23, he can safely be called one of the best jazz guitarists ever.

Clarence Love, who has lived in Tulsa since 1946, remembers the times well. Born in Muskogee in 1908, Love spent most of his life on the road. "It was a hard life," he remembers, "but I enjoyed it. In those days there were no guarantees. We played on what we called the 'chili route,' because after you played all you could buy was a bowl of chili." To earn even enough for a bowl of red, Clarence Love and His Orchestra, like most musicians struggling to survive, had to be versatile: "A friend of mine got us booked 'cuing' Swanee River. We didn't have talking pictures, then, so we'd do the music for the picture. My drummer had to travel with a tub of glass to break for sound effects, and we had to make the sound of hoof beats and the like. Often, after the picture was over we'd clear out the hall and have a dance."

Clarence believes that people today have trouble listening to jazz because television and the other media don't give it enough exposure, and that jazz is suffering from musicians with too much schooling. Although he admires learning, he says, "Too much education is bad for a jazz musician. You need the feeling. Reading music is important, but you've got to improvise with feeling."

SCATTERED SCAT: Jazz in Oklahoma Today

Although Stephen Fulton is 31 and Clarence Love is 79, the differences in their generations don't stop them from agreeing on several things when it comes to jazz. Fulton, a Norman resident whose passion for jazz is evident not only in every note he plays on his flugelhorn and trumpet, but in every word he says, feels that "It's unfortunate that most of what's happening with jazz in Oklahoma today is happening in schools. Schools teach how to be a functional musician in a big band, but a jazz player needs more. He needs the aesthetic of jazz. He needs to learn in clubs, in sessions with other great jazz players and in front of appreciative audiences."

Fulton, who spent four months in 1985 touring Europe and the United States as a member of Woody Herman's band, knows what he's talking about. His commitment to jazz leads him to spend, ideally, five to seven hours a day studying his music. Those hours include practicing his instrument, analyzing recordings

"Musicologists acknowledge that jazz is a unique American contribution based on African rhythms and melodic modes transported to the United States via black slaves. In the United States awaited Latin music, European folk forms, all to be mixed by creative minds into the still-changing patterns of jazz and modern music."
—Hannah D. Atkins, jazz historian

Zelia Breaux (right) taught instrumental and vocal music at Douglass High School and is credited with giving aspiring jazz artists a musical foundation. Ted Armstrong and the Music Masters (below) packed dancers into the Ritz Ballroom in the mid-'30s. Abe Bolar is the bass player.



OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION



COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

The Blossom Heath was one of Oklahoma City's elegant clubs for dancing and dining. Big bands of regional and national repute played here in the '30s and '40s while 1,000 patrons danced.

"There was a wonderful music teacher by the name of Miss Zelia Breaux. And she was really something else. She played the trumpet in her younger days ... and the violin in the orchestra ... She, more than anyone I think, turned the whole town on musically."
—Bernard Anderson, musician

An appearance by Leslie Sheffield (right) and the Rhythmaires could sell tickets on "Deep Second" or at local plush ballrooms like the Ritz, but the band's reputation didn't make it to either coasts. Said Sheffield before his death in 1979: "I didn't get a break, I didn't get famous, but I sure had a ball." Clarence Love (below) and his orchestra, however, traveled widely.



COURTESY GUY LOGSDON COLLECTION



COURTESY GUY LOGSDON COLLECTION



COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

The Blue Devils were Oklahoma City's hottest sound from 1923-1933. They delivered performances so riveting that audiences were unwilling to leave when stage lights were turned off. In this 1930 photo, bass player Walter Page is seated third from the left.

and studying book after book on the origins, theories and greats of the form.

He readily admits that many of his fellow musicians think he's too demanding in his definition of jazz and his judgment of what makes a great jazz musician. He says, "If there isn't improvisation, there isn't jazz. Jazz is the player transferring something he feels strongly to you, to the listener. It takes more concentration than any other musical form because the player is called upon to do so many things. He must be an expert on his instrument, physically. He's got to know 1,000 tunes, no music, in many keys. Then he must have creativity so he can use the tools to pass on a spark of human drama to the audience. As he plays he composes spontaneously while mastering his instrument, negotiating key changes and communicating with all the other players in the band."

For the last two summers, Fulton and his peers have had a great place to congregate and communicate with each other and appreciative audiences. Jazz in June, a joint project of the Cimarron Circuit Opera Company (CCOC) and the Norman Arts and Humanities Council (NAHC), has grown from a casual one performance summer event in 1985 to a planned three-day jazz extravaganza in 1987. Jennifer Kidney, Executive Director of the NAHC, says, "The first year about 750 people attended the concert. In 1986, about 3,000 people showed up at the four events we offered. This year we expect that many just at our big, free park concert."

The 1987 Jazz in June schedule will delight the true jazz aficionado. Running June 5, 6 and 7, the festival, which this year is dedicated to Billie Holiday, begins with a Friday concert at the Sooner Theatre featuring Keisha St. Joan, a major jazz vocalist, and Bertha Hope, a renowned jazz pianist. Saturday, a "Made in Oklahoma" big band put together for the occasion by Stephen Fulton will play a dance concert at Sooner Fashion Mall beginning when the stores close at 9 p.m. Then on Sunday, an outdoor jazz concert will once again rock Andrews Park with performances by the best jazz talent Oklahoma has to offer.

An added level of excitement this year is a competition open to all Oklahoma residents. Hopeful singers from around the state submitted tapes, each of which included a ballad, a blues song and a fast "swing" number, and the famous musical couple of Cleo Laine and John Dankworth selected the best Oklahoma jazz vocalist. The winner will be a featured performer at the Sunday afternoon concert.

When members of the CCOC first envisioned a jazz festival in Norman, no one expected the event to take off quite the way it has. Jennifer Kidney admits, "I was really surprised at the response. Then I began

to discover what roots jazz has in Oklahoma and how many jazz musicians we have. The CCOC and NAHC feel good about supporting jazz because it's a truly American art form. We're now putting together a jazz history program for the public schools called 'Jazz, OK!' We'll talk about jazz in general and specifically in Oklahoma and take a quartet into the classrooms. We're also making a video to show on the public school cable station and to offer to teachers for classroom use."

Even though Stephen Fulton and Clarence Love have some reservations about jazz in schools, both would probably agree with Dr. Kent Kidwell of Central State University when he says, "Jazz, which was the 'pop' music of its day and very marketable, has faded in popularity. It seemed a shame to let it die because of the fickleness of the public. In the sheltered world of the university we can keep it alive as we perform and promote it. Too, we take it to an ever increasing number of people who hear it and like it. It hasn't been too long ago that 'jazz' was a dirty word in education. That's really changed only in the last 20 years as it's been accepted as a true musical art form."

Central State boasts two big bands with 20 or some members, several small combos studying contemporary forms of jazz and a couple of traditional jazz groups. In the summer of 1986, one of those groups, The Civilized Tribe, was invited to be one of only three U.S. collegiate ensembles to perform at the Montreaux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, one of the world's most prestigious jazz gatherings. They played at parks, concert halls and other festivals in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany before ending up in Montreaux. They also were the first band to win first-place awards twice at the National Collegiate Dixieland Band Championship held annually in conjunction with the National Association of Jazz Educators convention. In 1987, The Red River Ramblers, another CSU jazz group, took second.

CSU is not the only Oklahoma school with a strong jazz program. Many of the larger high schools, colleges and universities support performing groups of different types. And many of the men who lead those groups belong to a group called The Oklahoma City Jazz Orchestra, whose 20 members gathered last January at Cornerstone Studios in Oklahoma City to record "All Soul," a jazz album of waltzes, swing numbers, ballads and breakneck tempo standards.

Under the direction of Larry Skinner, secretary of the Musicians Union local 375/703, these extremely talented Oklahoma jazz players laid down ten dynamite cuts to produce a record that will, according to Skinner, "demonstrate that jazz is a commercial, marketable product and that it requires a high degree of

Stephen Fulton (below) says: "Jazz stretches the capabilities of the instrument and the musician's intellect ..."



STEVE SISNEY

"I myself am from Texas, but there are two towns in Oklahoma, travelling Cats, if you can't fiddle mighty good, don't stop ... Keep these towns in mind. Oklahoma City and Tulsa."
—Edward Christian, from The Black Dispatch, 1935

Tulsa band leader and trombone player Ernie Fields (below) made records and traveled coast to coast with his orchestra from 1931 to 1949. In the '50s, after the big band era faded, Fields became a successful rhythm and blues musician. Fields, in the front row in this 1930 photo, still lives in Tulsa.



COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION



COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

Count Basie, second from left, played with the Blue Devils in 1928. Later, he and Walter Page, far left, joined Benny Moten's band in Kansas City before Basie formed his own orchestra.

Hot Spots for Cool Jazz

Jazz events, radio shows and clubs seem to come and go at breakneck tempo. What follows is a partial list of what, at press time, were available sources of jazz entertainment in Oklahoma; we apologize to those people, places and events we don't mention. For specific information about dates, times and performers, please call the establishments listed below.

ANNUAL CONCERTS AND FESTIVALS

In addition to these major events, many of the colleges and universities offer smaller-scale home concerts and provide off-campus entertainment. The campus festivals focus on high school, junior high school and college competition; however, many include concerts by local and guest artists. Call the various music departments for specific information.

- Spring Jazz Festival, Oklahoma State University, Stillwater, March/April. OSU also offers a Fall Concert.

- The State Jazz Contest, Central State University, April.

- Southwestern University Jazz Festival, Weatherford, second Friday of February. SWOSU also offers Fall and Spring Jazz Concerts.

- University of Tulsa Jazz Ensemble Festival, Promenade Mall, April. TU also offers two concerts during both the fall and spring semesters.

- Green Country Jazz Festival, Northeastern State University, Tahlequah, late February.

- Fall and Spring Jazz Concerts, The University of Oklahoma, Norman, two each semester.

- Northeastern Oklahoma A&M Jazz Festival, Miami, late January. NEO also offers Fall and Spring Jazz Concerts.

- Big Band Bash, East Central University, Ada, late March.

- Northern Oklahoma College Jazz Festival, Tonkawa, February.

- Jazz in June, joint project of Cimarron Circuit Opera Company and Norman Arts and Humanities Council, Norman.

- The Charlie Christian Jazz Festival, sponsored by BLAC, Inc., OKC, April. BLAC, Inc. also offers one major jazz artist in its season.

- Southeastern Oklahoma State University Fall Jazz Concert, Durant, November. SEOSU also has a mid-winter concert in February.

- Cameron University Jazz Festival, Lawton, April. Other events at Cameron are a Country-Jazz Fusion in November and Fall and Spring Jazz concerts.

RADIO PROGRAMMING

KOCC: (Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City) The Euliepan Jazz Network, Monday-Friday, 7-9 a.m.; Eye on Jazz, Monday-Friday, 2-4 p.m.; Jazz and Easy, Monday-Friday, 4-5



Leon Nelson, who began his career during Oklahoma's early days of jazz, still plays weekends at The Bricks restaurant in Oklahoma City.

p.m.; Paul Gill Jazz Show, Friday, 11 a.m.-2 p.m.

KCSC: (Central State University, Edmond) Music From the Hearts of Space, Friday, 9-10 p.m.; Barney Kessel: Inside Jazz, Friday, 10-11 p.m.; Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz, Friday, 11 p.m.-midnight; Jazz Bag, Friday, 12-6 a.m.; Euliepan Arts, Saturday, 9 p.m.-midnight; Saturday Night Overnight, midnight-6 a.m.

KOSU: (Oklahoma State University, Stillwater) Jazz After Hours, Monday-Friday, 10 p.m.-midnight; Jazz Radio Festival, Saturday, 9-11 p.m.; Jazz After Hours, Saturday, 11 p.m.-2 a.m.; Syncopation Time, Sunday, 9:30 p.m.-midnight. Occasional special programming, Saturday, 8-9 p.m.

KWGS: (Tulsa University) New Directions, Sunday-Friday, 7 p.m.-midnight and Saturday, 9 p.m.-midnight.

KNGX: (Rogers State College, Claremore) Big Band Music, Monday-Friday, 7 a.m.-5 p.m.

KBEZ: (Tulsa) Jim Jerrels' Big Band Saturday Night, 7 p.m.-midnight.

KGOU: (The University of Oklahoma, Norman) Big Band Jazz, Monday-Friday, 7-9 p.m.; Big Band Stand, Monday, 9-10 p.m.; Sound of Swing, Tuesday, 9-10 p.m.; Jazz From Las Vegas, Wednesday, 9-10 p.m.; Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz, Thursday, 9-10 p.m.; Sidran on Record, Friday, 9-10 p.m.; Jazz Perspective, Monday-Friday, 10 p.m.-midnight; American Jazz Radio Festival, Saturday, 10 p.m.-midnight; Jazz Summit, Sunday, 7-9 p.m.; Sunday Night Jazz, 9 p.m.-midnight.

CLUBS THAT PROVIDE LIVE JAZZ

Bianca's Jazz Club and Restaurant, OKC; Cherry's, Tulsa; River City Restaurants, OKC and Norman; The Bricks Bar B.Q. and Bakery, OKC; Liberty Drug, Norman; LaFayette's, Norman; The Magnolia Cafe, OKC; Samurai Restaurant, OKC; Flip's Wine Bar and Trattoria, OKC; McCracken's Mill, OKC; Second Fret, OKC; Eskimo Joe's, Stillwater; Francoise, OKC.

FINALLY...

For further reading about jazz in Oklahoma, pick up a copy of *Singing Cowboys and All That Jazz: A Short History of Popular Music in Oklahoma* by William W. Savage, Jr. It's published by the University of Oklahoma Press in Norman. — **Kathryn Jenson White**

skill and musical excellence. We want this group to serve as an example for young players." The album, whose title cut is an original song by Joe Davis, a nationally known performing artist, arranger and composer now teaching at Northeastern State University at Tahlequah, hits the record stores this spring.

Skinner estimates that about a fourth of Local 375/703's membership of 818 musicians are jazz players. Tulsa's local 94 has about 700 members, of which only about 5 percent are true jazz players. Skinner is quick to qualify his figures by saying that "Most of the jazz artists must also be active in other musical areas. We've got a lot of symphony members in this group who play jazz when it's possible. Most of the rest teach music at high schools and colleges. It's almost impossible to make a living playing jazz."

Yes, but as Eddie Christian said in 1935 about leaving music to earn a living doing something else, "That's out!" All the cats riffing in the Oklahoma City Jazz Orchestra clearly have the tones of the 'phones and 'bones as part of their life rhythms. Their Oklahoma audiences may not be as large as those for jazz groups in New Orleans or New York, but ol' Oklahoma has got jazz roots that go deep into its red dirt. When it comes to jazz past or jazz present, Sooners can proudly toot their horns. 

Getting There



Jazz in June celebrates a unique American art form with a three-day celebration of live jazz performances.

On June 5 at 8 p.m., Keisha St. Joan and Bertha Hope will give a concert of traditional and original jazz at Sooner Theatre, 101 E. Main in Norman. To reach the theatre, drive east on Main Street from I-35. Tickets are \$10-\$25.

On June 6, "Made in Oklahoma" big band will perform traditional jazz for a 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. dance at Sooner Fashion Mall, I-35 and West Main in Norman.

A free concert featuring all types of jazz and the winner of a statewide vocal competition will be offered at Andrews Park on June 7 from noon to dusk. The park is located south of Main Street and Webster, east of I-35. For more information, contact the Norman Arts and Humanities Council at (405) 360-1162.

"Down on Second Street," Oklahoma Historical Society's traveling exhibit about Oklahoma's black jazz artists from 1920 to 1940, will be displayed June 1-30 at the Norman and Cleveland County Historical Society, 508 N. Peters, Norman. From I-35, drive east on Main Street to Peters, then north four blocks. Hours are 1 to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday and 2 to 5 p.m. Sunday. Admission is free. For more information, call (405) 321-1056.

Kathryn Jensen White is an Oklahoma-based freelance writer.

Muskogee native Barney Kessel is one of Oklahoma's most famous jazz musicians. He has recorded soundtracks for four Elvis Presley movies and has recorded with artists from Barbra Streisand to Tex Ritter. Kessel, who lives in Oklahoma City, says Charlie Christian is his musical idol.

"If there isn't improvisation, there isn't jazz. Jazz is the player transferring something he feels strongly to you, to the listener. It takes more concentration than any other musical form ..."
—Stephen Fulton



FRED W. MARVEL



COURTESY FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

Woodie Wood, left, who played Dixieland and big band jazz, began a long and varied musical career in the early '30s in Oklahoma City.



STEVE SISNEY

The Oklahoma City Jazz Orchestra's new album is an educational album to show music students that jazz is a living musical form.



FESTIVAL

By Scott Carlberg

Oklahoma's most plentiful natural resource must be sunlight, at least it seems that way in the springtime and summer. And why not celebrate the seasons of the sun?

One northeast Oklahoma community does just that. The people of Bartlesville have decided that songs, games, crafts, art and lots of good food are the best ways to shake the spell of winter.

It's called Sunfest and draws 100,000 people from more than a dozen states. This year, three days, May 29-31, have been set aside to don jam shorts instead of pinstripes and listen to live music instead of the rush of evening traffic.

Photographs by
Jim Stafford

Sunfest is a familyfest, not only for northeast Oklahomans but for anyone who'd like to join the jovial spirit. And with entertainers roaming Sooner Park, *not* having fun is nigh impossible.

Jugglers pitch Indian clubs, defying gravity as several pounds of club seem to float endlessly until picked from the air. "I manipulate gravity through years of diligent practice and lots of frustration," says nationally known juggler Robert York, who juggles not only props but banter with the audience. "And the crowds at Sunfest encourage me to do my best and even try new material. The atmosphere is very relaxed."



of the SUN



Clowns, as bright as the springtime flowers in Sooner Park, weave around the crowd to surprise children and an occasional adult. Storytellers entrance the audience with the engaging, eye-to-eye look that tells stories from the soul instead of a TV tube. "This is one of the oldest human art forms," says Fran Stallings, a Bartlesville storyteller who's been coast to coast mesmerizing children and adults with her tales. "Storytelling isn't just words. It's ritual poetry, and it's for all ages. You don't ever outgrow the ability to enjoy stories."

Overhead, skydivers—looking like poppyseeds in the sky—hop from

planes. The tiny specks languish in midair like the juggler's Indian clubs. Slowly they grow larger as they skid down a slippery sunlight slide. The divers jump from some 7,500 feet and open their chutes 2,000 to 3,000 feet from the ground. "We jump upwind of the place we want to land," says Bob Schiermeier, a skydiving veteran of 3,700 jumps. "We ride downwind until it's time to land, then we turn toward the wind." Before the chute unfolds, the divers hurl toward the Sunfest crowd at 120 mph, slowing to 10 mph after the chute opens. Close to the ground, they rock their brilliant rectangular chutes in the wind until

Six parachutists (left) bail out 7,500 feet over Bartlesville during Sunfest. Tulsan Robert York (above) handles crowds by juggling five metal folding chairs, dumbbells and rings.

they pinpoint the place they choose to land.

Sunfest offers lots to see and lots to hear, too. Musicians play bluegrass, jazz, Cajun, blues, gospel and country music. More than 24 hours of music will be performed at Sunfest '87, and there's no admission charge to any performance.

Sunfest has as many kinds of food as music. Why not try Indian tacos, Cajun sausage on a bun or Chinese egg rolls? Or stick to the Oklahoma stan-



Twelve musical acts from Chicago, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Tulsa and Bartlesville perform a medley of different kinds of music—folk, Cajun, jazz, gospel, blues, new age. Music lovers can pick and choose what they'd like to hear, and, best of all, each performance is free.

dards: barbecue, chicken-fried steak and sloppy joes. And don't forget dessert—perhaps a funnel cake, cotton candy, watermelon, sweet potato pie or caramel nut popcorn.

Not far from the imaginative kinds of food, another type of creativity converges at Sunfest. Stone sculptor Ron Schroeder of Hollister, Missouri, says, "An important part of selling art at a festival is that I have the opportunity to meet the customers, the spectators. They're the whole reason for my art. I want to be able to relate to them and let them know what I'm trying to accomplish."

Stained glass artisans bend sunbeams into art. "It's only proper to create art with sunlight at Sunfest. That's what Sunfest is all about," says Bartlesville stained glass artisan Ron Nikkel. "I try to create the finest, most detailed pictures of nature in the glass. I have nature *in* the image and nature itself *lights up* the image."

Almost a thousand watercolors, oils, pencil sketches and acrylics are displayed by painters, and craftsmen's homemade dolls, toys and furniture cover the park.

Youngsters create their own art to remember Sunfest. Kids even *become* art as facepainters touch up their mugs with stars, butterflies and rainbows.

Supervised free crafts and games such as gunnysack races and finding coins in a haystack make Sunfest a place for kids as much as adults. "Children look forward to Sunfest," says toy craftsman "Speck" Little of McAlester. "In February, my grandson was already talking about going this year."

There's more for kids than games—there's education. A variety of north-eastern Oklahoma groups demonstrate skills such as dog obedience, astronomy, home computing and yarn spinning. Yarn spinning? "Yes, it gives you a feeling of being close to nature and history," says Catherine Laurent, president of the Green Country Fiber Guild. "The spinning wheel dates back to the 1500s. It teaches patience and gives the spinner a sense of pride, a feeling of what our forefathers had to do for the necessities of life."

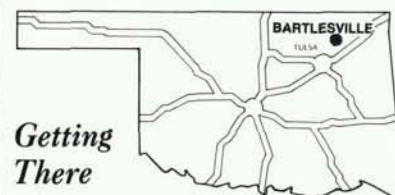
With the lure of events like yarn spinning, skydiving and storytelling, Sunfest has become a sizable celebration since it started five years ago. "We've grown from a small community get-together to a significant event," says Rusty Cates, festival director, and

Scott Carlberg is a Bartlesville-based freelance writer. Jim Stafford is a former Oklahoman who now lives in Ozark, Missouri.

a volunteer, as are all the members on the Sunfest committee. "We had 30,000 visitors the first year, and now we have well over 100,000. One reason is that Sunfest isn't only one kind of event. Sunfest is art, entertainment, music, food, contests and a big helping of friendly people."

It is a celebration, not only of springtime, but of that feeling of renewal that springtime brings. It's the fresh spirit of splashy watercolors, symmetrical clay pots, laughter, guitar-picking, down-home folks and country cooking in a city that boasts as much variety as a card hand holding a royal flush. Where the opulent mansion of oilman Frank Phillips stands several blocks from the wooden derrick of Oklahoma's first commercial oil well; where the downtown district has a Frank Lloyd Wright touch; where the hills of a rustic game preserve and a majestic western art collection at Woolaroc Ranch are down the road.

Just for a few days each springtime around the end of May, the natural resources of Oklahoma trade places when oil and wheat take a back seat to the sun and creativity in Bartlesville. ☐

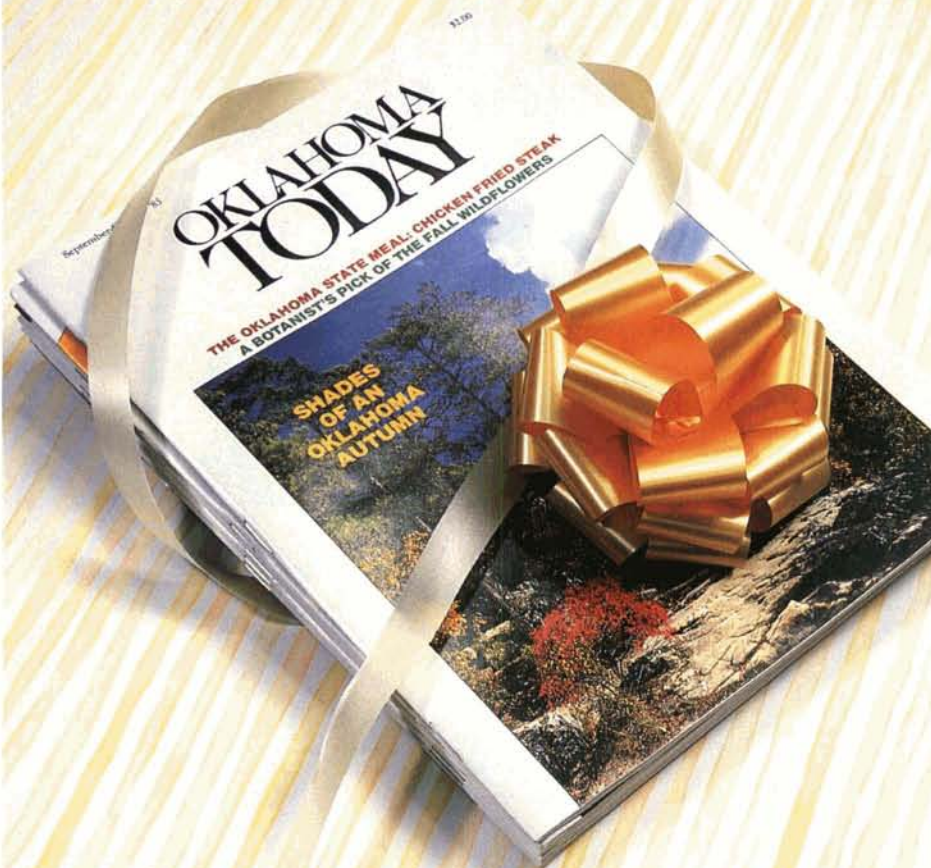


Getting There

Enjoy arts and entertainment for the whole family at Sunfest '87, which offers a choice of music from jazz to bluegrass, supervised craft activities and ethnic foods from Cajun sausage to Chinese egg rolls. More than 100 artists and artisans will offer their works for sale.

Scheduled May 29-31 at Bartlesville's Sooner Park, Sunfest '87 will be open Friday, 4 p.m. to dark; Saturday, 10 a.m. to dark; Sunday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. To get to Sooner Park, take Highway 75 north from Tulsa to Highway 60. Turn east on Highway 60 and drive 1 mile to Madison Boulevard and turn north for 2 miles. For more information, contact Rusty Cates at (918) 661-8178.

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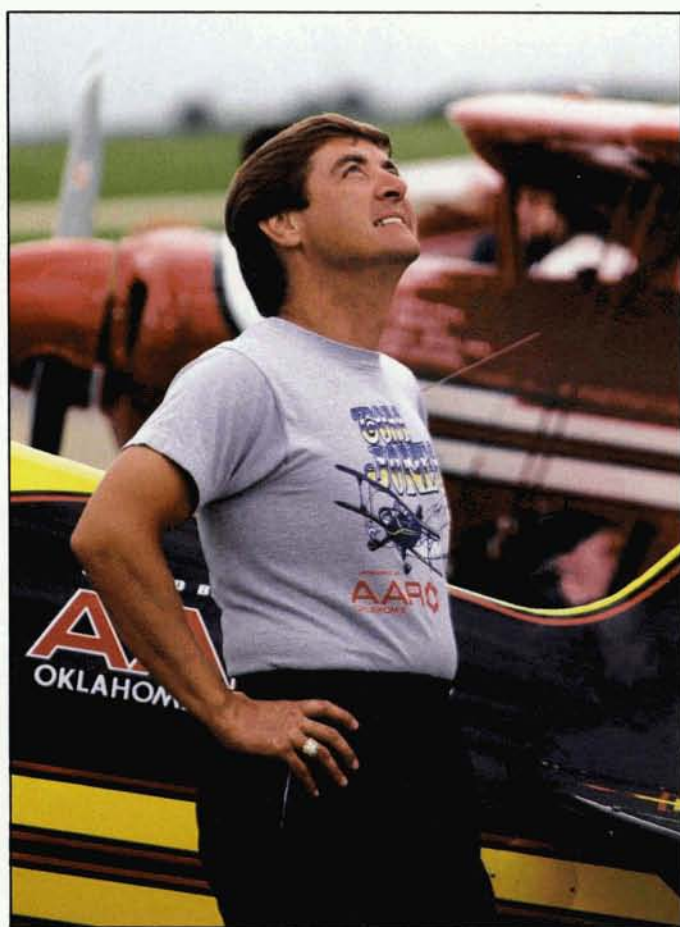
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A ROCK & ROLL HIGHWAY TO A PLACE CALLED HEAVEN

By Ann DeFrange
Photographs by Jim Argo

The tiny plane scoots along against a placid, pastel, Oklahoma sky and suddenly, like a crippled duck, flops over on its side and points its nose sharply toward earth, spinning, seemingly out of control, into the ground. Then, at a speed of some 200 mph, it pulls itself up in a tight curve, zooms back into the sky and perches sassily on its tail.

It's a heartstopper for the viewers on the ground, but the pilot merely shakes the fuzz out of his brain and the stars from his eyes and grins.



Tom Jones is one of 30 pilots in the United States who qualifies for aerobatic competition in the Unlimited category, the most demanding.



During competition, some aerobatic pilots spend two-thirds of their time flying upside down. The pressure on the pilot is seven G forces, or seven times the body's weight. It takes time to build up tolerance to the pressure, and it wears off unless pilots stay in training.

"That's as close as you can ever get," says Tom Jones wonderingly, "to having wings coming out of your back."

Jones is one of the country's ace aerobatic pilots, so accomplished an airman and a showman that this year he is one of three pilots who will fly the Silver Bullet, the tiny jet launched by Coors at air shows across the nation. He's one of a group of Oklahoma pilots, men and women, who don't believe it's enough to simply fly in a straight line and have trained themselves to do the loops and rolls, turns and dives that add an extra small sneer in gravity's face.

The group got organized three years ago as International Aerobatic Chapter 59, but prefer to be known as the Okie Twisters. They began as a bunch of daredevils who picked out a safe field

on weekends, lined up their planes—Pitts, Stardusters, Decathlons, Citabrias—and showed off to one another the tricks they'd learned that weren't exactly standard flying procedure. By now, they're well known at regional and national fly-ins and contests, as much for their enthusiastic sociability as their airborne skills.

The 107 members hold meetings, socials, practices and their own annual contest. The organization, says secretary Wallena Haynes, keeps the sport safe. Aircraft are inspected before contests, which themselves are closely monitored. Planes are equipped with double seat belts, body harness and parachute, and no fatality has been recorded in aerobatic competition.

"It's a safe sport, done by professionals with professional equipment," she says.

Nevertheless, aerobatic flying, both in competition and in exhibitions, is the modern-day version of the early-century barnstormers, those traveling showoffs who defied science as well as the odds to terrify and titillate crowds on the ground.

Today, there are schools and licensed instructors specializing in teaching aerobatics, but in the barnstorming tradition, some veterans learned in a more renegade manner.

Jones tells—cautiously, because he doesn't recommend it—how in the early 1970s he was hired to ferry newly manufactured planes cross-country. "Those were long, boring trips," he recalled, and along the way he tried out loops and turns for his own entertainment. He bought a book illustrating aerobatic maneuvers and, "I'd pick out one I wanted to do and do it in my



Aerobatic planes, like these at the Okie Twist-Off in Stilwell, are built of steel, wood and cloth, and they can withstand more pressure than commercial jets. Seventy-five percent of the planes in competition are Pitts Special bi-planes, which, fully-equipped, cost about \$80,000.

head in bed at night, and the next day, I'd go way up high and try it."

Although he bought himself a Starduster biplane with open cockpit, Jones, who lives in Oklahoma City, kept his career in the fast food business and his hobby in the air until he flew to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in 1980, the year the world championships were held there.

"All the world's best aerobatic pilots were there. I stood around and watched, and I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven."

Twisters charter member Buddy

Haynes isn't cautious at all in his tales about his Korean War experiences, spent primarily in El Paso, Texas. He was an airplane mechanic, but the pilots, he says, sometimes arrived for morning duty with exceptional hangovers, so they would put him beside them in a cockpit and talk him through a flight.

Haynes didn't get a license until 1960, but then earned money towing banners. He particularly remembers one reading, "9 out of 10 nudists use Coppertone," and a few proposing marriage, a few celebrating divorces.

In 1966, he bought his first aerobatic plane, a Citabria.

Haynes, who is so aviation-oriented he lives in a settlement built around a landing strip and spotted with hangars between the homes near Edmond, now is able to make a living from the sky. He rebuilds and restores planes, is a trader and dealer and a designated pilot examiner for the FAA. He takes up his own plane, whatever is in the hangar at the time waiting for a buyer, for some "simple loops, spins, rolls, a few hammerheads, that's good enough for me." But he doesn't enter the com-

Pushing the Partnership

It's okay to call them "stunt pilots" when they're performing at an air show; that's entertainment. But when they're in competition, they prefer "precision aerobatics flyers"; that's serious.

The contests are thrilling to ground-bound spectators, but no one watches more closely than the judges, who polish their binoculars and crane their necks spying for the least minor flaw in the maneuver. They ascertain that the loops are perfectly round, that maneuvers flow smoothly into one another, that the flight is balanced within the allotted flying space.

The space is called the "aerobatic box," an imaginary block in the sky 3,300 feet square and slightly more than that distance above the ground. The more qualified the pilot, the closer the bottom of the box is allowed to the ground.

Scoring is much like that of a gymnastics meet. Pilots are assigned a "known sequence" identical for each contestant; a free-style sequence designed by the pilot but requiring certain degrees of difficulty, and an "unknown sequence," the plan for which he receives only a few hours before his flight. He has no opportunity to practice with his plane; usually pilots will pace out the maneu-

ver on the ground, moving their feet in a simulated box, tilting their hands as the wings would go, trying to anticipate any hidden trick to the maneuver.

Judges, who work with a grid of the "box," rate the flights on a scale of one to 10. Looping or rolling outside the invisible lines of the box is an automatic loss of points.

The stunts that thrill the crowd are not always the most dangerous or difficult in a pilot's repertoire. Tom Jones, a veteran showman who often talks to his audience by radio from the cockpit, says a fan favorite is his 16-point hesitation roll, during which he turns the plane in a loop on its side with 16 brief stops throughout the turn.

Every aerobat, Jones said, has a dream maneuver, one he has imagined but which either he or his plane hasn't been able to perform.

For Jones, he dreams that someday he will take off into the sky, turn his plane on its side and complete a graceful, flowing, total knife-edge, outside loop. But so far, man and machine haven't stretched their partnership so far.

—Ann DeFrance



Judges aren't allowed to take their eyes off planes during competition. A spotter calls maneuvers that the pilot is to attempt, and judges call scores to assistants. Although the job is satisfying, judges have to withstand uncomfortable weather, complaints about scores and neckaches.



petitions. Instead, he and his wife, Wallena, serve as "Mom and Pop" of the Twisters. The two organize meetings, fly-ins and troubleshoot the contests.

Their members aren't all professional aerobats. Among them are some airline pilots who drop their conservative caution on weekends and play in smaller planes. There are a number from the medical and legal professions, too, who yearn for the physical challenge and can afford the sport.

The sport, they will agree, is a respectful union between man and machine. Planes must be certified for aerobatics, but the higher the skill category, the more accomplished the pilot, the more responsive the plane must be.

"You can start out in the lower categories with a pretty simple plane," Jones says, but a plane like those Jones requires "is like an Indy 500 race car. It's built for one reason only."

Many are custom-built to combine lightness and strength. They are designed for ballet-like maneuvers and must make precision moves quickly. "A general aviation plane would not stand up to the stresses at all," Jones says. "The wings would fall off."

Those planes cost from \$15,000 to \$150,000.

Their pilots compete in Sportsman, Intermediate, Advanced and Unlimited categories. Jones, who qualifies for the Unlimited ranking, claims to be one of only about 30 in the United States, 100 in the entire world. It's not an easy game to play, he says.

The toughest competition is against a natural enemy, gravity, and its weapon, G forces.

The rolls, spins, zooming in seconds from horizontal to vertical, upside-down to right-side-up at teeth-rattling speeds ... that's pulling a lot of G's.

An Unlimited flight may put almost 1,000 pounds of pressure on the pilot's body in positive G forces, which slam

the body back in the seat, drain the blood from the brain to the lower body and often cause blackouts. Negative G's, by contrast, stretch the body and give the sensation of being flung out of the plane. Together, in sudden dives and sharp pullouts, the forces will cause the pilot's body to jerk, his face to contort and bring brief moments of pain.

"You have to keep conditioned," says Jones. "You have to be an athlete. It's an extremely exhausting sport" for which he has learned to rest between 15-minute flights.

"It's uncomfortable, expensive, time-consuming. It demands too many things unless you're really serious about it."

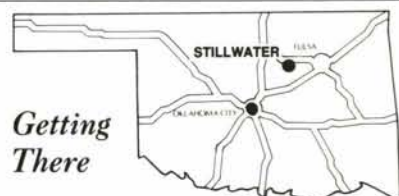
What it gives back is "an adrenalin high like nothing else," he says. "It's the most free feeling you can have. You crawl in that plane, you're the only one in there responsible for your life."

To Buddy Haynes, flying is just a way of life and flying upside down and sideways and dancing around up there in the sky is just a part of flying. If asked, he'll say he does it for the same reason some people ski in the snow or go fishing.

Ann DeFrance and Jim Argo are a longtime writer-photographer team for The Daily Oklahoman.

Buddy Haynes has been flying aerobatic airplanes for more than 20 years. "I wouldn't give you two hoots for snow skiing and fishing," he says.

But then, his eyes focused overhead to test the wind and the clouds, he tells you, "I wouldn't give you two hoots for snow skiing and fishing." ☐



Oklahomans and others will have three chances to watch the heart-stopping twists and spins of the Okie Twisters in May and June.

Aerospace America '87 is an annual aviation trade show with an air show featuring some of the world's greatest performers. Scheduled June 20-21 at Oklahoma City's Will Rogers World Airport, aerospace attractions include an antique aircraft contest and a retail aircraft auction. Advance tickets are \$5 for adults, \$3 for children ages 6-12 and free for children under 6. At the gate, ticket prices are \$5 and \$7. To purchase tickets or register for the auction, call Ted Stanczek at (405) 681-2361.

In Stillwater, two aerobatic competitions in May are free and open to the public. On May 1-3, the U.S. National Sailplane Aerobatic Championships will select an American team to compete in international competitions. And on May 29-31, the Annual Okie Twist-Off will host the Regional Aerobatic Championship. For more information on these two events, contact Tom Jones at (405) 681-3000.

◆ **May 13-15** Everyone is a winner at the OK State Special Olympics Games held at Stillwater's OSU campus. The "Olympic Village" will be home to wheelchair racers and other athletes from all over the state. ◆ **June 4-7** Mosey on back to the Old West during Santa Fe Trail Daze in Boise City. Hop a stagecoach ride, pitch a horseshoe or grab your pardner an' head to the square dance. ◆ **June 8-30** Catch a rare tribute to a famous artist when "Shawnee Home Life—The Paintings of Earnest Spybuck" is featured at the Oklahoma Historical Society in OKC. Works on loan from New York's Museum of the American Indian will join those belonging to local collectors and OHS. ◆ **June 18-20** Sink your teeth into the world's biggest pecan pie (20.5 feet in diameter) at the 3rd Annual Pecan Festival in Okmulgee's Creek Indian Council House.

ENTERTAINMENT

Calendar



MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

May

- 1-3 Art Show, Vinita Hotel, Vinita, (918) 256-6243
- 1-9 Nat'l Watercolor Society Exhibit, Gardiner Gallery, OSU, Stillwater, (405) 624-6016
- 1-16 "Three Women In Art," Brookside, Tulsa, (918) 747-1829
- 1-31 "Spring Nights," Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461
- 1-June 30 "Modern Art: Selected Images," OK Art Center, OKC, (405) 946-4477
- 1-June 30 "We The People," Gilcrease, Tulsa, (918) 582-3122
- 2-June 30 Paintings by Bettina Steinke; Sculpture by Fritz White, Gilcrease, Tulsa, (918) 582-3122
- 3-June 4 "Burntwater," Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko, (405) 247-6221

8-29 "In Search of a Route," Travertine Nature Center, Sulphur, (405) 622-3165

9-June 30 "Search for Extraterrestrials," Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461

16-26 "Double Exposure—Pigment & Film," Museum of the Great Plains, Lawton, (405) 353-5675

31-June 30 "The Works of Otto Duecker," Philbrook Art Museum, Tulsa, (918) 749-7941

June

5-30 Artist Linda Robbennolt, Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461

7-30 Contemporary Southern Plains Indian Arts, Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko, (405) 247-6221

12-13 Western Art Exhibit, Cowboy Hall of Fame, OKC, (405) 478-2250

13-30 "Vision: The Precious Treasure," Omniplex, OKC, (405) 424-5545

21-30 "Summer Nights," Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461



DRAMA



May

- 1-3 "The Three Musketeers," Historic Community Center, Edmond, (405) 751-5046
- 1-9 "Blues," Williams Theatre, Tulsa, (918) 747-9494
- 1-10 "Tender Lies," Delaware Playhouse, Tulsa, (918) 744-1168
- 7-24 "The Foreigner," Jewel Box, OKC, (405) 521-1786
- 9-10 Children's Show Premiere, Carpenter Square Theatre, OKC, (405) 232-6500
- 15-16, 21-23, 28-30 "The Normal Heart," The Phoenix, Tulsa, (918) 749-6488
- 24 "Peter & the Wolf," Williams Theatre, Tulsa, (918) 592-7122
- 29-30, June 4-6 "Rainmaker," Muskogee Little Theatre, Muskogee, (918) 682-3257
- 29-June 18 "Little Shop of Horrors," Carpenter Square Theatre, OKC, (405) 232-6500

June

- 1-30 "River City Players," NSU, Tahlequah, (918) 456-5511, ext. 2888
- 5-14 "Alone Together," Delaware Playhouse, Tulsa, (918) 744-1168
- 5-30 "Eddie & the Ecclectics," Brook Theatre, Tulsa, (918) 747-9494
- 6-30 "Trail of Tears," Cherokee Heritage Center, Tahlequah, (918) 456-3742
- 9-20 "My Fair Lady," Lyric Theatre, OKC, (405) 528-3636
- 19-30 "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Hafer Park, Edmond, (405) 751-5046
- 19-21, 26-28 "West Side Story," Frontier Playhouse, Midwest City, (405) 736-0161
- 23-30 "George M!," Lyric Theatre, OKC, (405) 528-3636



FAIRS & FESTIVALS

May

- 1-2 Tri-State Music Festival, Enid, (405) 237-4964
- 1-2 Pioneer Days Celebration, Fairgrounds & Pioneer Stadium, Guyton, (405) 338-3376
- 1-2 Arts & Crafts Festival, Edmond, (405) 348-0565
- 1-3 "Arts For All" Festival, Shepler Square, Lawton, (405) 248-5384
- 2 Kolache Festival, Prague, (405) 567-2827
- 2 Rose Rock Festival, Noble, (405) 236-6057
- 2 Spring Arts Festival, Seminole, (405) 382-2622
- 2 "Springfest," Weatherford, (405) 772-7744
- 2-3 "Rendezvous Fair '87," Gilcrease, Tulsa, (918) 582-3122
- 2-3 Arts & Crafts Steam Engine Show, Pawnee, (918) 762-2735
- 2-3 Arts & Crafts Festival, Cleveland, (918) 358-2131
- 2-3 "Annual Fun Fest," Pryor, (918) 825-0157

- 2-3 Arts & Crafts Show, Disney, (918) 435-4953
- 3-17 Fine Arts Festival, First Christian Church, Tulsa, (918) 582-8237
- 13-17 Mayfest, downtown Tulsa, (918) 582-6435
- 15-16 Rooster Day Celebration, Main Street, Broken Arrow, (918) 251-1518
- 16 Arts & Crafts Festival, Hobart, (405) 726-2553
- 16 Arts & Crafts Festival, Ada, (405) 332-1241
- 17 Israeli Festival, Emanuel Synagogue, OKC, (405) 495-9800
- 23-24 Italian Festival, McAlester, (918) 423-2550
- 23-24 Fine Arts Festival, Art Center, Ponca City, (405) 765-9746
- 23-25 Spring Festival del Paseo, Historical Paseo District, OKC, (405) 528-1222
- 23-25 Green Country Festival, Blue Ribbon Downs, Sallisaw, (918) 775-7771
- 29-30 Texoma Lake Fest '87, Lake Texoma Resort, Kingston, (405) 795-2431
- 29-31 SunFest '87, Sooner Park, Bartlesville, (918) 333-4883

June

- 5-6 Pawhuska Festival '87, Pawhuska, (918) 287-1208
- 5-7 "O-Si-Yo—The Trail of Tears to Tears of Joy," Town Square, Tahlequah, (918) 456-4112
- 12-20 Mozart Int'l Festival, downtown Bartlesville & Community Center, (918) 337-2787
- 13 Founders' Day Festival, Disney, (918) 435-4953
- 13-14 Canterbury Arts Festival, Hafer Park, Edmond, (405) 348-7067
- 18-20 Kiamichi Owa Chito, Beavers Bend State Park, Broken Bow, (405) 584-3393
- 19-20 Hobby Show/Arts & Crafts Collections, Junior College Gym, Sayre, (405) 928-3057
- 20-21 Arts & Crafts Roundup, Recreation Center, Claremore, (918) 342-2816
- 25-28 Jubilation '87, Mohawk Park, Tulsa, (918) 592-7877
- 27 Ole Time Country Fair, Jones, (405) 728-2637
- 27 June-Fest, Courthouse, Purcell, (405) 527-2391



INDIAN EVENTS

May

- 16-17 Kiowa Black Leggings Ceremonial, Indian City USA, Anadarko, (405) 247-5661
- 23-24 Indian & Western Arts Rendezvous, Indian City USA, Anadarko, (405) 247-5661
- 29-31 Indian Heritage Days, Fairgrounds, Miami, (918) 542-4481

June

- 6 Sac & Fox Day, Sac & Fox Reservation, Stroud, (918) 968-3526
- 13 Benefit Pow Wow, Choctaw Nation Arrowhead Resort, Canadian, (918) 339-2787
- 19-21 Creek Nation Festival & Rodeo, Creek Nation Omnplex, Okmulgee, (918) 756-8700
- 25-28 Osage Ceremonial Dances, Pawhuska Indian Village, Pawhuska, (918) 287-1208
- 26-28 Potawatomi Tribal Pow Wow, Tribal Pow Wow Grounds, Shawnee, (405) 275-3121



MUSIC/DANCE

May

- 2 "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Community Center, Bartlesville, (918) 336-4746
- 3, 5 OK Symphony Orchestra & Canterbury Choral Society, Civic Center Music Hall, OKC, (405) 842-7464
- 9 OK Symphony Orchestra & Ambassadors Concert Choir, St. John's Missionary Baptist Church, OKC, (405) 236-8742
- 9 Roy Clark & Co., Community Center, Bartlesville, (918) 337-2787
- 9-10 Prairie Dance Theatre 1987 Children's Show, Carpenter Square Theatre, OKC, (405) 842-5235
- 9, 14, 16 "Don Carlo," Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 582-4035
- 10 OK Symphony Orchestra, First Christian Church Amphitheatre, OKC, (405) 236-8742
- 21 Tulsa Philharmonic Classics Concert, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 584-2533
- 23 Tulsa Philharmonic Pops Series, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 584-2533
- 23-24 Dance Festival, Hatbox Recreation Center, Muskogee, (918) 682-3257
- 27 Leontyne Price, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 582-4035

June

- 4, 11, 18, 25 Concerts in the Park, Hafer Park, Edmond, (405) 348-8830, ext. 257
- 30 Starlight Concert, River West Festival Park, Tulsa, (918) 582-0051



RODEOS & HORSE EVENTS

May

- 1-3 Charity Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
- 2 Ben Johnson Pro Celebrity Team Roping & Cutting, Lazy E Arena, Guthrie, (405) 282-3004
- 3-4, 22-23, Palomino Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
- 25-26 744-1113
- 8-10 OK Paint-o-rama, Jerry Wells Arena, Purcell, (405) 478-1599
- 9 Artillery Hunt Western Horse Show, Fort Sill, (405) 351-2521
- 15-16 All-Mule Rodeo, Altus, (405) 482-0210
- 23-24 Golden Opportunity Horse Sale, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
- 23-24 Boley Rodeo, Rodeo Arena, Boley, (918) 667-3477
- 29-30 OK Cattlemen's Range Round-up, Lazy E Arena, Guthrie, (405) 282-3004
- 31-June 1 Green Country Paint Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113

June

- 4-6 PRCA Rodeo, Pawhuska, (918) 287-1208

- 13-14 OK Paint Horse Show, Jerry Wells Arena, Purcell, (405) 478-1599
- 13-14 Artillery Hunt Horse Show, Rucker Park, Fort Sill, (405) 351-2521
- 18-20 Will Rogers Rodeo, Claremore, (918) 341-2818
- 21 Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping, Fairgrounds, Pawhuska, (918) 287-1208
- 24-28 OK High School Rodeo Finals, Lazy E Arena, Guthrie, (405) 282-3004



SPECIAL EVENTS

May

- 1-3 Mayday Flea Market, Community Civic Center, Elk City, (405) 225-3270
- 1-30 Decorator Show House, 3703 N. McKinley, OKC, (405) 278-8945
- 2 Art in the Park, McLain-Rogers Park, Clinton, (405) 323-2222
- 14-17 Walleye Rodeo, Canton Lake, Canton, (405) 274-3580
- 15 Armed Forces Day Parade, Lawton, (405) 351-2521
- 16 Zoo Run '87, OKC Zoo, (405) 424-3344
- 16-17 Tulsa Rose Society Show & Sale, Garden Center, Tulsa, (918) 747-2192
- 17 Garland Arts & Crafts Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
- 23 Jim Thorpe 10K Run, Jim Thorpe Memorial Park, Yale, (405) 743-3697
- 23 Commodore's Cup Short Course Race, Lake Thunderbird, Norman, (405) 364-1852

June

- 5-7 Antique & Classic Car Auction, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
- 5-7 Old Settlers Day, Checotah, (918) 689-7751
- 6 Parade of Boats, Cherokee Landing State Park, Cookson, (918) 457-4403
- 6-7 Croquet Ball Tournament Weekend, Philbrook, Tulsa, (918) 749-7941
- 6-21 OK Arts Institute, Quartz Mountain State Park, Altus, (405) 482-0210
- 11-13 Darrell Royal/Willie Nelson Golf Tournament Invitational, Oak Tree, Edmond, (405) 340-1010
- 13 Classic Run 1987, Edmond Library, Edmond, (405) 348-8830, ext. 257
- 20 Ultimate Challenge Triathlon, Keystone Lake to River Parks Model Park, Tulsa, (918) 582-0051
- 20-21 Summer Open Regatta, Lake Thunderbird, Norman, (405) 364-1852
- 24 Amelia Earhart's 90th Birthday, Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461
- 26-28 Sooner State Games, Myriad Gardens & other locations, OKC, (405) 235-4222
- 27 "Show of the Arts," Fairview, (405) 227-4511

Although the information in this calendar is current, dates and details can change without notice. Please check in advance before attending any event.

